

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1938.

'THE TOKEN OF THE COVENANT.'

ON October 1, when the peoples of the world were drawing deep breaths of thankfulness for peace confirmed, a letter was published in *The Times* in which the writer stated that on September 28 as he waited beside a covert an old countryman, pointing to the beauty of the sky, said to him, 'There's a God up there,' and declined to believe that from that sky in the forthcoming days would, through the warfare of Man, rain down destruction, desolation, and death. It may be recorded that clear manifestation of the presence of God was additionally vouchsafed 48 hours later, hours more fateful than any that have been in the history of the world. At 5.30 p.m. on September 30, Neville Chamberlain landed again on English soil from Munich: making his way to the microphone with difficulty through the wildly cheering crowds at Heston, he first thanked the British people for their attitude and then read out the terms of the further agreement as to the desire for friendship between the German and British people signed that morning by Herr Hitler and himself after the settlement of the Sudeten German crisis. A few moments later, having listened in in a tiny cottage on the Sussex downs I started to walk home along the lane. Rain was then falling, but I had not gone more than a couple of hundred paces before there appeared stretched right across the north-eastern sky as brilliant and at the same time as complete a double rainbow as can ever have been seen—its two arcs rose in uninterrupted splendour from earth to heaven, to sink uninterrupted from heaven again to earth.

After dread, thankfulness, and after thankfulness how quickly criticism and doubt and even failure of remembrance ! And yet surely—in spite of later German truculence and the pitiful reliance upon force—the world may believe and must implement the true interpretation thereof :—

And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations : I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud : And I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh ; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud ; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth. Genesis ix. 12-16.

As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord. Ezekiel i. 28.

There was a rainbow round about the throne. Revelation iv. 3.

G.

LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

BY LORD GORELL.

II. TUDOR TAPESTRY.

MARGARET ROPER, *daughter to Sir Thomas More.*

WILLIAM ROPER, *her husband.*

THOMAS CROMWELL.

KING HENRY VIII.

SIR THOMAS MORE, *Lord Chancellor.*

Beaufort House, Chelsea : November, 1530.

(WILLIAM and MARGARET ROPER at the window.)

MARGARET. The leaves are falling swiftly : one by one
I watch them worried from their hold on high
And borne away to darkness and to death.
I wish that Autumn would conceal her pangs,
Not flaunt them always : beautiful, I know,
Her robes of colour are, at the height of
richness,

Yet at their base decay ; one touch of frost,
One envious gale, and all the glory's rent.

ROPER. Sweet wife, our summer is not at an end,
Although the year be dying : we are young,
Our hearts have vigour, and that governs all.
You have mused within too much upon the
times ;

Your mind is melancholy without cause :
Winter is far from us.

MARGARET. Would I were sure!
A presage broods upon my reluctant heart.

- I would be gay, and gayness will not bide ;
It is as a restless and half-frightened bird.
- ROPER. It may be there is wisdom in a mood
That in these days of turbulence and change,
The great uncertainties that wall us round,
Has eyes on darkness rather than on light.
I had not thought upon it, but it may be
That, buttressed by foreboding in your love,
Your life will tread serenely till in age
You smile upon your fears. All's well enough :
Your father's feet have scaled the peak of
greatness,
Chancellor now, helped by no priestly
robe,
And honoured by the friendship of the King—
To me it is as wonderful as true.
- MARGARET. The Cardinal, that great magnificence,
That pomp and splendour that were all men's
eyes,
Soared higher, and is prone.
- ROPER. Never was he,
As your dear father, master of his soul.
With diligence and energy and power—
Concede him these—he wrought but for him-
self :
He gathered round him on his aspiring way
No friends whose hearts were his ; he needed
none,
He claimed men's adulation and their envy
And scorned to build a prop.
- MARGARET. Except the King.
- ROPER. Aye, and the rearing of a papal power
Within this realm that should be all himself,

His hand stretched out to grasp the triple
crown,

The throne of Peter for his eminence.

MARGARET. Poor man, he has lived humiliation's year,
Each day a vulture tearing at his heart.
It needs must be that such a mind as his,
That never has felt the strength of quiet
things,

Beneath the icy torrent of his fall
Has lain defenceless and the creeping dread
Of an unhonoured death has pierced his pride.
I would not wish him ill.

ROPER. It is too late—
If wasp-like rumour circling round the Court
Can point aright—to wish him anything.

MARGARET. Dear husband, has he passed ?

ROPER. He is not dead,
But on the high road now of such disfavour
As leads to death. Norfolk is rancorous,
And though men say the King has still a mind
To spare his fallen minister, or at least
Is still disposed to use him, if need be,
What hopes of further grandeur can be his
And without grandeur what can Life be worth
To such as he ? Wish him a peaceful end.

MARGARET. Truly I do, he is brought low indeed.
Who envies now the Cardinal of York
Who can her memory cast upon the days
When as the legate of our Holy Father
He took all England for his benefice ?
No : Wolsey will hereafter be a name,
Not for a life of statecraft and of strength,
But for the pride that overshoots its mark,

For earth-enthralled ambition—But who is coming ?

A cavalcade approaches from the east :

I see its glinting down beside the river

With Cromwell in the midst. I fear that man,

I know not why. Think you our Lord the King

Has further ploys to set my gracious father ?

The times are hedged with difficulties and doubts :

We live to-day—or so my heart proclaims—

Upon the threshold of a twilight land

And every little mystery is fear.

ROPER. Be not so timorous, Margaret. Cromwell comes,

I doubt it not, but to attend the King :

And we have watched this passing hour and more

The King's slow pacing with his Chancellor,

His arm about his neck. The royal grace

Is openly displayed : put off your fears.

MARGARET. I would obey you, husband, if I could

In this and all things else along my life,

But can a woman force a jocund note

Out of the viol of an anxious heart

For those who are her life ? It well may be

That it is foolishness to care so much;

Prudence rebukes me when the chill winds blow,

And yet I would not alter. Love and fear

Play seesaw in me always for my father :

No children ever were so gently ruled
As those of his great house.

ROPER. I know it well,
And rather speak of wishes than of thoughts.
At least he has the favour of the King :
Rest upon that.

MARGARET. As Wolsey ?

ROPER. In your voice
I hear an apprehension that is grievous :
Dear love, forget.

MARGARET. Is not the word ' forget '
The very one that Love can never learn ?

(THOMAS CROMWELL is announced.)

CROMWELL. Madam, good luck attend you—you, sir, too.

MARGARET. Do you come with labours for the Chancellor ?

ROPER. Or on the service of our Lord the King ?

CROMWELL. Between these lies what difference ? I am come
In humble duty to our royal master
To escort him hence when it shall be his will—
For that alone : what more is it mine to do ?

ROPER. They are beyond, pacing the pleasaunce there,
And have been close in converse all this noon.

MARGARET. The casement yonder overlooks the garden.

CROMWELL. Looks down upon the King ? An angel's
glance !

A lowly servant hardly dare approach—

What ? The King's arm embraces as he
walks !

The Chancellor is very high in favour.

MARGARET. And no man more deserving.

CROMWELL. All the Court
Knows the devotion of his daughter, madam ;

And, if it be needful, give me leave to tell—
But, stay, good fortune lights upon this
heaven !

The King looks up, he notes my presence
here :

He knows I serve him to the end of strength.
A gracious recognition—and his arm
Is all his own again. I will go forth
And offer him the duty that I owe.

ROPER. The converse ends : the King is entering now.

MARGARET. He looked upon my father as on one
Whose voice is always Truth.

CROMWELL. A voice that Kings
Hear rarely—and more rarely smile upon.

ROPER. Their states would prosper if they heard it
more.

CROMWELL. Assuredly, good sir : you do me right.
No meaning else was in my words, or could
be.

MARGARET. How is it with the Cardinal you serve ?

CROMWELL. Alas, I served him whilst his wisdom shone
A glorious beacon to our age, and now
I serve the sun enthroned, I serve the King.

MARGARET. Is it well with your fallen master ?

CROMWELL. He was a man
Whose deeds were never comrades to his
words

But winded vagrants—for the rest, I speak
To royal ears such tidings as I bring.

(KING HENRY VIII is ushered in, accompanied by the
Lord Chancellor, SIR THOMAS MORE.)

CROMWELL. May God preserve your gracious Majesty !

KING HENRY. I trust He will. What service brings you here?

CROMWELL. The only service that can lift a man
To thankfulness and pride, my humble duty
In all things that affect this happy realm
Under your crown and favour.

KING HENRY. Words enough :
Unpack the heavy baggage of your mind.
The hour grows late ; I would be gone from
here.

Have you news to tell us of the Cardinal ?

CROMWELL. The Cardinal, my gracious Lord, is sick.

KING HENRY. What bravery is this ?

CROMWELL. No bravery,
I do beseech your Grace. His face is turned
Southward as you commanded, but he is
stayed

Beyond enforcement by his human frailty.

KING HENRY. Do you say truly ?

CROMWELL. As my spirit lives,
The shadows lengthen round the Cardinal ;
Death whispers in his ear, and all his pride
Is stretched at length a suppliant to his God.

KING HENRY. Is it so indeed ? I would I had not heard it.
Much treasure rather would I now forgo
Than lose to the realm his ripe experience—
But Man is mortal and his labour is done.
I must away.

CROMWELL. Will it please your Grace to hear
Further report of labours by your favour
Vouchsafed to my unworthy diligence ?
I have a record here of monasteries—

KING HENRY. Anon, anon : must Life be all a labour ?
I and the Chancellor have worn a path

Down on the sward there talking of the times ;
We have discussed until my mind is wearied
How to bring order to the English Church.

MORE. My gracious Lord !—

KING HENRY. No more, I say, no more !
May not the King have silence when he
speaks ?

Look to the purpose of our communing :
I have unfolded it, and it shall be
According to my will. God's body, sir,
You have much wisdom and a store of wit
Such as has pleased me—see you use it well.

MORE. I shall, sir, with all diligence of mind
According to my loyalty to you
And to my conscience under God, deserve
Your gracious confidence.

KING HENRY. And so to horse.
Commend me to your conscience—and fare-
well.

(KING HENRY takes his departure, attended out by SIR
THOMAS MORE and THOMAS CROMWELL.)

ROPER. Thus hastes he to his mistress like a youth
Hot-foot for glamorous love.

MARGARET. A prince so gifted
The heart of England throbbed within his
hand—
And now dissension, poverty, and dread,
This long-drawn wrangle with the power of
Rome,
These weakened bonds of faith, an opened
door
To German heresies. What can abide
When faith and loyalty to God are loosed ?

ROPER. Even as the servant has the master been,
A panoply of pride, a will imperious.
It is no strangeness that the servant fell ;
The confines of this island had not width
For two such powers.

MARGARET. Oh, let your speech be low !
There is danger in it.

ROPER. Nay, but I play no part :
I make but murmur to your loving ear.

MARGARET. And that, like a shell, is ever resonant,
As you have noted, with these breaking seas.

(SIR THOMAS MORE returns alone, slowly.)

MORE. The King is gone.

MARGARET. My father, you are weary.

MORE. There is a weariness of body, Meg,
That one night's rest will cure : there is
besides

A weariness of spirit that endures
Down to the graveyard's grip—and that is
mine.

The age is storm-tossed, like a ship at sea
Swept with stern gales and tortuous, lashing
waves.

We have not seen their end, but their begin-
ning.

ROPER. And yet the King has honoured you this day
With outward show of every favour, sir.
We noted from this casement how his arm
Bestowed its proof of confidence and love.

MORE. I give my thanks to God I find his Grace
My very good lord indeed, and I believe

That he as singularly favours me
As any subject living in this realm,
And yet, son Roper, I may tell you this :
I have no reason to be proud of it,
For, well I know it, if my head would win him
A castle in France, it should not fail to go.

ROPER. Hear you that, wife ? No judging word as
harsh

Has ever fallen from my cautious lips.

MORE. It was not meant for judgment but for truth.

MARGARET. May it not be, my father, we need fear
No judgment but of Truth ?

MORE. And have you found
In your devotion, Meg, the truth of that ?
I would all daughters were as you have been.

MARGARET. I would all fathers such as you were free
Of the dark dangers of the Court and State !

ROPER. Said the King aught to grieve your spirit,
sir ?

MORE. You heard his words, the final words he spoke
At which I cried aloud and angered him :
' The English Church '—what church can be
but God's,

The universal church of Christendom,

The age-old faith our fathers gave to us ?

Can this small island rear its thought alone,

Unanchored to the Pope's authority ?

This question, like a cloud-bank, curled about
me :

What answer could my conscience give but
one ?

MARGARET. What new commandment has he laid upon
you ?

MORE. None, daughter, none. But all his course is
fixed,

And who can see the end of such resolve ?

He knows my thought concerning Mistress

Anne,

He gave me freedom of will about the bond

Of matrimony unhallowed that he seeks—

And, let me tell you, in a headstrong prince

That marks a generous mind. But that is

past ;

Already are we moving far beyond.

The ship of state, storm-racked and rudderless,

Drifts to a jagged shore. Our royal master

Now seeks to make the Church of God his

thrall

And name himself its head supreme on earth.

MARGARET. Even so, even so ? Then evil breaks upon
you !

MORE. Nay, but, my daughter, let your thoughts be
light

As the leaves of autumn fluttering down the
breeze.

There is no happiness to equal Hope,

And that is always ours. Much may arise

To change the trend of destiny : the Queen

(God be her shield) may die and all this coil

Be straightened out by patience into peace.

MARGARET. You bade me, husband, keep a valorous
heart—

And then comes this !

ROPER. Your father knows not fear.

MARGARET. When did he ever whilst his conscience spoke ?

Oh, sir, assure me !

- MORE.** Dear daughter, if I could.
Let us at least not march upon despair.
The King is resolute, but he may change ;
The causes of his purpose may dissolve.
- MARGARET.** Do you speak of royal Henry ? When was
he known
To dam the fiery current of his will
Or feel a moment's mercy from his pride ?
- MORE.** Love makes you grim, Meg. Let us look
beyond.
We take too brief a survey of our lives.
The fate of England is not in one man,
Not King nor Chancellor—nor Cardinal :
I was in grief to hear smooth Cromwell's
words ;
Wolsey was never born to pass away
In clouded state, all weighted with disfavour :
His mind was so unready—and his soul.
Glorious was he, far above all measure,
And that was pity, for it did great harm,
Made him abuse the many noble gifts
That God has given to him. May he be
saved !
- MARGARET.** How can you speak so calmly of a fate
That is overshadowing you ?
- MORE.** And so you make
Your father kin to Wolsey ! I am honoured :
I had not thought my household here could
show
Such likeness to his long magnificence ;
I had not thought—to speak in graver tones—
That I would barter all my hopes of Heaven
For worldly wealth and grandeur, even as he.

No, Meg, I trust there is no parallel.
 Let come what may, I will not be so unwise.
 ROPER. That could you never be !

MORE. I cannot hope
 To lay a claim to anything but this,
 In spite of all your love : I will not bring
 Dishonour to you ; I will never feign
 An ignorant mind to answer this one question,
 How can a man obey an earthly King
 Above the King of Kings ? Be of good heart :
 A thousand breaths may chance upon the wind
 To change the royal purpose : let it be.
 Night gathers soon enough ; we need not fear
 If at our bedside shines the eternal light.

MARGARET. That is, I know, the bravery of wisdom ;
 And yet——

MORE. And yet we live and whilst we live
 Our hearts are human, weighed with anxious
 fear
 For those we love. Let us then gaze beyond.
 I see a vision of a later age
 When all uncertainty is rolled away,
 A voyage of confusion and of hope.

MARGARET. How can those two be one ?

MORE. I cannot say :
 I am no prophet dreaming in a cave,
 Only a statesman thinking from his heart.
 A day will come when neither Kings nor
 statesmen—
 Nor Cardinals who ape the double rôle—
 Will sway, as now, men's destinies.

MARGARET. But when ?

MORE. Again I cannot say, but come it will.

It is the common people of the earth,
The potter's clay that is each human soul,
The humble toilers on this moving globe
Who will one day be its inheritors.
And Kings will be their servants : all will
bring
Their goods, their enterprises, and their crafts
To be divided for the good of all.
All men will labour and the minds of all
By learning will be kindled : the broad light,
Old knowledge claimed afresh, new learning
won
That like the dawn is breaking now on earth,
Will in that hour be universal day.
But I am harking backward : you remember
Something of this with younger mind I wrote
But as an aspiration and a plan.
A dreaming pen was mine when Peter Giles
Heard my creation, Raphael Hythloday,
In curious discourse on the ideal state :
I smile to think on it now. Utopia !
That will not be whilst men of moment feed
Their minds upon the vanities, the dross
That grows along the earth's material ways.
And yet I must believe that it will come
In the times to be hereafter before God.
The pomps, the glories of this coloured age
Will surely pass : all will not be, I know,
As once in manhood's eagerness I dreamed.
Imagination's golden prime outruns
The slow march of mankind, but all things
change,
Change onward and change upward, I believe.

It well may be the future world will hold
 Women for heroes, and poor women too,
 The mothers of the race—take comfort, Meg !

MARGARET. My father jests : he keeps a merry mind
 In the midst of all foreboding.

MORE. I have jested :

I have enjoyed the rapiers of men's minds—
 That prince of talkers, friend Erasmus, first,
 Fisher and Colet, aye, and many another—
 The ball of phrases and the flash of wit,
 As much as most that live—I do not jest
 In sharing now this vision that is mine.
 The past is past and answers for itself,
 The present has a gladness all its own
 But for the nonce is ravelled : we are wise,
 Dear Meg, son Roper, I, we three together,
 We are not birds in a cage, we have our minds.
 The future has a pretty sound to me :
 I am full of questions in it.

ROPER. Full of courage.

I never knew you greater than this hour
 When the clouds gather and the long eclipse.

MORE. I thank you for your courtesy, but pay me
 No tribute but a lowly sense of right,
 A mind to balance rivals, that which runs,
 Is broken into fragments by a breath,
 By a courtier's malice or a royal frown,
 And that which outlasts empires and is
 ours,

Is every man's who knows it for the truth.

What is the lasting music of the world ?

What makes our happiness along the vale ?

What lights us on to Death ? Is it the power

We may have grasped, the pomp, the outward
show,
Or is it all the little things of life
That make a man? We know the answer
well—

It were great shame to be afraid to answer—
Courage and love and, more than either, faith,
The greatness that is God within our souls.

MARGARET. You do not jest, my father, any more.

MORE. I am grown serious : I would not be so.

I trust to keep a smile whatever comes
And make of Death a friend. What grieves
me more

Than any hindering load Life has for me
Are these wild vapours clouding out our God
From the sight of humble men, these heresies,
Malignant insects of impiety,
That sting our earth to madness. They must
pass.

Why should the spread of knowledge make
for error?

We need more resolution ; we must stand—
Even if it came to pass all fell away
And left us in our inspiration last—
The firmer for the windy challengings
Of God's dominion here.

ROPER. And the King's service?

MORE. This is no hour for weakness or for words.

I serve my Lord the King, loyally I serve him,
But no persuasion and no force of ill
Shall ever cast the storm-cloud of its fear
Between me and my God !—Forgive me,

Meg ;

Your loving tributes must accept the blame.
I have not the humour, as you know right
well,

For stateliness of strut or swollen speech.

A jest is better and it shall be mine.

The dark draws on apace and I must labour ;

I left my table at the King's approach

High piled with papers and my wit is out

If this noon's converse does not add to them

As rain the river. There is much that calls me.

I am among the last to know the world

As our forefathers knew it when the Church,

The holy mother of our ancient faith,

Shone as the sun with never a questioning eye

To gaze on her undazzled : Christendom

Was all united in the heart of God.

A grievous change, a most unstable world !

And I must labour with a mind unclogged

By all the little dustiness of self

To balance it and bring it back to strength—

Whilst I am in it. Let it not be said

That I grow indolent as I grow gray ;

Leave me, I pray you, to this last ambition,

Let me be called a king of Chancellors

In monarchy of mind—Come, kiss me, Meg,

And banish tears ; draw close to me and

whisper

What is for supper : must we not eat to live ?

[*'A Cup o' Tea: To-day' will be published in December.*]

GUILT.

BY LORNA BRADE.

ABU AHMED looked round furtively into the darkness and held his breath to listen. Only the gentle lapping of the Orontes a few yards away and the distant croak of a sociable group of frogs broke the silence of the night. Above him stretched the rich network of innumerable stars, and all around loomed vague, shadowy masses, which his practised eyes did not fail to distinguish and identify. Satisfied that no one was within earshot, he bent down over the rock and dragged from its recesses a large and heavy bundle. He arranged the sack over his shoulder with some difficulty and, stopping again for a second to listen, made his way over the rough ground in the direction from which he had come.

After an hour and a half of heavy going, Abu Ahmed drew near to the group of tents which formed the Bedouin encampment. Here caution was necessary if he was to get to his tent unseen and unheard. He circled half-way round the encampment, then, like a cat stalking its prey, slowly made his way to one of the brown tents of straw-matting and camel-hair.

Now he was safe, Allah be praised. Quietly, so as not to rouse the other occupants of the tent, he placed his burden under the rugs and matting which formed his bed, and having covered it as satisfactorily as was possible in the darkness, lay down to rest. The day had held enough dangers. The next morning he would see the Christian merchant who would buy his burden from him, and there

would, indeed, be enough risks to run when the time came. But what was a poor man to do, so scarce was money this year? Either risk your life or starve. It was a bad world, ya Rab-by, it was a very bad world. He drew his thick woollen *abbayya* around his legs, and in a few moments fell into a deep sleep.

The day was just breaking, and already the little encampment was stirring. A hen screeched and flapped about his head and Abu Ahmed awoke with a curse. A woman with tattoo-marks on the whole lower portion of her face rushed into the tent and tried to seize the terrified animal. The commotion in the tent was in no way different from those of the previous day or week, the animal and human sections of nomadic society having at all times a tendency to get in each other's way. The hen continued to screech and dogs outside began to bark. The repartee between the man and woman was neither elegant nor edifying, and a few more voices from the other side of the partition added to the liveliness of the vituperation.

Suddenly Abu Ahmed noticed that the woman had not answered his last thundering curse, but was staring with open mouth at the edge of his bed. Slowly she turned and, without a word, left the tent. The unfortunate hen, left to her own devices, recovered her composure and eventually found her way out to her companions.

It was not for several seconds that Abu Ahmed thought of looking for the object that had attracted the woman's attention. Looking now at the bed beneath him, he saw a sight which caused him to hold his breath for horror. Protruding from the bedding was a small portion of the sack which he had hidden there the previous night, and sticking out of the sack was the unmistakable hind leg of

a wild boar. Ah, Horror and Woe ! For a dead pig to be discovered in his tent ! What worse thing could have befallen him ! Abu Ahmed had no doubts as to the effect of the discovery. This unclean animal, detested of all good Moslems, defiled not only the hand that touched it, but the whole tent and encampment in which it lay. He had hoped, in his miserable poverty, to sell it for a good price to the Christians who traded in pig-flesh, even as he had done a number of times before when the great drought had almost brought him and his family to starvation. But now, what a catastrophe !

He did not deceive himself : to remain meant death ; there would be no mercy. A heavy price for his carelessness, indeed ! Rapidly he reviewed the alternatives. To remove the dead boar was impossible at this time of day ; to leave the tent alone would mean that it would be immediately examined and the animal discovered. He decided to go, but he knew from experience that news in the camp travelled like the wind, and, as if by magic, from one encampment to another. His only hope lay in immediate escape before the news had spread : he would travel faster than the words of his enemies. And so, without giving a thought to irrelevant details, he walked out of the tent into a hostile world.

The camp was strangely silent. Abu Ahmed passed a circle of Bedouin seated on the ground ; and the dull clang of the wooden mortar, as they pounded their coffee beans, had for him an ominous sound. They hailed him to join them for coffee, but with a hasty greeting he hurried past, not daring to think what conjectures his departure must be provoking. He hastened across the rough piece of land which surrounded their settlement where a few camels were grazing, and reached the little road that led to the village.

Abu Ahmed was thinking only of immediate needs : the distant future of the morrow and the day after did not worry him. He had no money, but his needs were few. His chief fear was to be alone without his tribe and kin, and, as he followed the road up the hill, a plan gradually formed itself in his mind. A few days before, he had had occasion to pass through Selemiyyeh and had found a group of his people encamped about a mile to the north. He could get help from them, and then, perhaps, go on to Hama. But it was a good day's journey.

It was nearly midday, and Abu Ahmed was tired and hungry. The sun beat down on the dusty road and did not add to the traveller's comfort. He looked around for a resting-place, and finally made for the scanty shade of a stunted tree. He lay down and was asleep in a few minutes. When he awoke, the sun was well past its zenith, and he hastened to reach his destination before nightfall.

He had been going several hours when he spotted a line of camels moving across the hillside, evidently following a road which joined his own farther along. When he reached the cross-roads, he waited for the camels to arrive, and, as they drew nearer, noticed with satisfaction that the men seated on the beasts were the very friends he was hoping to find.

Cries of greeting and welcome filled the air, and, as Abu Ahmed took his seat on one of the riderless camels, the questions, the news, the gossip were shouted up and down, from rider to rider, along the slow-moving caravan, to the tune of the jingling camel bells.

Near the village ran a stream, and the men got down to drink. The water was not good, but they had frequently tasted worse. After they had drunk their fill, they sat in a circle by the water's edge.

It was an hour before sunset, and the evening was calm and cool. A heavy man with a long, bony face was speaking, and the glint of his black eyes intensified the horror of his story. The terrible drought of the previous winter, when cattle died by the roadside and camels had to be sold for a few pounds, had brought ruin and starvation to many, and tragedies abounded in these regions along the desert border. The narrative was in full swing when one of the men quietly left the circle and went to attend to the camels.

Now another man, an old wizened fellow with a wart on his nose, was telling his tale while his little audience sat round, absorbed and tense. Suddenly there was silence. Abu Ahmed felt a sharp pain in his back, and then, before he could cry out, fell forward with a groan. He moved no more.

Their work was done: the circle broke up. Silently the riders mounted their kneeling camels, and once more the procession set off along the track. Countless particles of dust reflected the glory of the setting sun, and only the sound of bells broke the stillness of the evening air as the line of camels wound its way towards the horizon.

Beirut, Lebanon.

TOLL FOR THE BRAVE.

BY W. J. BLYTON.

It has been my lot to be near to or present at the passing of a number of valued daily journals and of humane magazines and reviews, most of them victims of the post-War wave of economy, fashion and the whim for 'amalgamation.' Each event grieved many thousands of friendly readers in the land, who, however, had no opportunity of protest or appeal—so swiftly were the sentences executed, so impersonal and withdrawn was the tribunal.

With the daily organs of opinion I will be brief, the better to enter the fascinating ground of the old-style magazines. The latest to disappear was, as it happens, one for which some of the most illustrious pens of their day wrote on political topics: the *Morning Post*, to which Coleridge and Wordsworth contributed. The voice of the Samurai of conservatism is henceforth either silenced or blended into that of the more flexible *Telegraph* with its memories of G. A. Sala. Readers of dailies as such perhaps have not the fond retentive memories of magazine-lovers, so that one need not extend this elegiac note further back than to the disappearance of the *Tribune* before the War. The query 'Why?' is here insistent, and unanswered to the satisfaction of onlookers, in this as in other cases. T. P. O'Connor's evening *Sun* vanished below the horizon; and the *Evening Times*; and the *St. James's Gazette*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Globe*, leaving Greater London and the Home Counties with but three evening papers, and fewer opinions, criticisms and articles to choose among.

Not least of the evening's losses was the once welcome green *Westminster Gazette*, in which Spender drew round him some of the best writers with some flair for journalism, as Greenwood (an early discoverer, with the CORNHILL, of Thomas Hardy) did on the *Pall Mall*. True, the *Westminster* was turned into a morning paper, and thus lived on awhile precariously until subsumed (allow me this periphrasis) into the *Daily News*, which however itself had to change its name when it in turn absorbed the *Daily Chronicle*. Both these last feats of digestion came as a shock to the unprepared staffs; and the offices were the scenes of somewhat sad dramas when their dispensability was suddenly announced. None, from editor to junior reporter, could see the dire necessity of such 'patriotic suicide': were not their circulations good by any reasonable standard? Standards, however, are altering: some advertisement and revenue departments to-day regard a half-million purchasers as a clique, not a public.

On this stricken field I had nearly forgotten to recall that the *Morning Leader* had fallen, though made gay and pugnacious by Spencer Leigh Hughes and other gallant pens; then the *Daily Citizen* gave promise, but was unable to fulfil it. Nor are these more than a selection of the tragedies of what has been called the Street of Adventure, of Ink, of Doom, and of Disillusion, but which shows no sign of lacking its recruits from Scotland, Lancashire and the North, the Midlands and the west country. And do my readers remember the distinctive, friendly and refreshingly *un-vulgar* *Daily Graphic*, with its line drawing as frontispiece of the classic feminine figures listening, at either end of a string of cherubs, to the day's weather news whispered through the winged imps? That picture was familiar to many of us from early childhood, raising an expectation,

never disappointed, of the principal news of the day within, presented by gentlemen for gentlefolk ; delightfully apart from mass-produced 'hot stuff' journalism. Even where *The Times* was likewise taken, there was a blank on the hall table of many a country house, or professional man's desk. The undemonstrative world and his wife were painfully bereaved. I was in the homely, picture-crowded offices at Tallis-House, when the decree of extinction at short notice went forth ; editor, leader-writer, maker-up, artists—none thought of himself primarily, but how would the world look without the *Daily Graphic* ? To some, as changed as Piccadilly without hansom cabs and hobble skirts.

And now to the famous monthlies and quarterlies of general appeal. The sole survivors, happily vigorous, are the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, the *Quarterly Review*, *Chambers'*, *Blackwood* and the *Dublin*.

But consider 'absent friends.' Gone are *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, of which Thomas de Quincey was an ornament, being in fact transferred with family and library to Edinburgh so that the editor could be surer of this capricious genius's 'copy' ; and *Fraser's*, and *Macmillan's*, and *Longman's*, and the *Edinburgh Review*, and others which will be named, to which there contributed Froude, Macaulay, Carlyle, Jeffrey, Andrew Lang and Stevenson ; gone also the *Westminster Review* founded by Bentham and written for by George Eliot, G. H. Lewes and Harriet Martineau. One would call them 'the higher journalism,' but the phrase implies a distinction between good journalism and literature which is more conventional than real.

A paragraph may be permitted about the simple archetype of to-day's magazines. Montaigne's father had the ingenious idea of issuing small papers making known the wants of individuals to each other, rather like our *Exchange*

and *Mart* and *Notes and Queries*. At the same time, bill-posting became general under the name of *affiches*. But spread out on my desk—and indeed on the rugs around me—I have originals and facsimiles of the first genuine journals and reviews; and they happen to be Elizabethan English. May I show the reader, as well as I can—not the Warrant for the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots, 1587, in agitated spidery script over three pages foolscap, with Elizabeth's masculine signature, but—the *English Mercurie* of July 23rd, 1588, 'published by Authoritie for the prevention of false Reportes' from Whitehall: 'Earlie this Morninge arrived a Messenger at Sir *Francis Walshingham's* Office, with Letters of the 22d from the Lorde High Admirall on board the *Ark-Royal*, containinge the following materiall Advices.' And it tells, in a little over a thousand words, of the 'Armado'; how Captain *Fleming* 'who had been ordered to cruize in the Chops of the Channell, for Discoverie, descried the *Spanish Armado* near the *Lizard*'—'Galleons and Galleasses, of a Size never scene before in our Seas, and appeare on the Surface of the Water like flotinge Castles.' Eighty English craft hung on to their hundred and fifty. From Ostend a correspondent says 'Nothings is now talked of in these Partes, but the intended Invasion of *England*,' and describes the dispositions of the Prince of Parma. However, 'we hope by the Grace of God to prevent from landinge one Man on *Englishe* grounde.' This was imprinted at London by Christ. Barker, her Highness's Printer.

I see next *The Newes* 'published for the Satisfaction and Information of the People. With Privelege. July 6, 1665,' orders against the spreading of the Plague; under the headings of Examiners, Watchman, Searchers, Chirurgeons, Nurse Keeper, Airing the Stuff, Shutting up of the House,

House to be marked and watched ; and it ends with a twenty-line advertisement of a Powder 'of sovereign effect' to be burned into a Fume. 'Packets' of news followed in James I's time, such as News from Hull (where a Packet is incorporated in the present daily), Truths from York, Warranted Tidings from Ireland, the Scots Dove, the Parliament Kite ; and Cromwell carried a printer with his troops to Leith. In 1662 the *Kingdom's Intelligencer* marked an advance ; and L'Estrange tried his venal, versatile hand until the rise of the *London Gazette*, first printed at Oxford because plague still ravaged the capital. Undaunted, he started later the *Observer*, and became licenser of the press ! In 1685 came the *County Gentleman's Courant* and ten years later the *Flying Post* ; 'at the Rising Sun, in Cornhill.'

So much for the ancient dailies and weeklies. The magazines are even more attractive. At first 'magazine' meant a depository of extracts from newspapers ; but from this, the *Gentleman's Magazine* departed. It was begun in 1731 by Mr. Edward Cave, a printer, whose success brought a rival in 1735 in the *Literary Magazine* owned by Mr. Ephraim Chambers, and it lasted through that century. The reigns of the second and third Georges saw the *London Magazine*, the *British Magazine* and the *Town and Country*. In 1739 Edinburgh added the *Scots Magazine*. At last Englishmen and their writers were groping toward the model which to-day we possess. Although Defoe's *Review*, begun in 1704, was, strictly speaking, the first English serial, it was not till the *Tatler* of Addison and Steele that our periodical literature was well under way. The *Spectator* bettered it : this gave us Sir Roger, Will Wimble, and that delightful group, and many a noble disquisition. And now nearly every literary man aspired to be a magazine founder, editor or contributor. The *Lay Monastery*, the *Censor*, the *Free-*

thinker, the *Plain Dealer*, the *Champion*, had their short day. Thirty-five years after Addison's experiment appeared the *Rambler*, mostly from Dr. Johnson's hand, twice weekly for two years. Richardson held it equal to the *Spectator*, and Young was nearly as cordial; Prince Frederick ordered seven copies for Leicester House. Though only twopence, it hardly attained a circulation of five hundred; yet when its essays were bound, the edition rose to thousands, and Johnson's style and topics became the craze. One remembers how in 'Cranford' one of the lady characters, hearing an extract of Dickens, considered that 'it in no way equalled Dr. Johnson.' And in truth there is a beauty in his manner and matter; and a sense of moral character in his *Revolutions of a Garret*, in *Squire Bluster* and *Mrs. Busy*. He himself, in his *Life of Blackmore*, has some acute remarks on magazines apropos the thrice-weekly *Lay Monastery* by Blackmore and Hughes. When the *Spectator* stopped, they considered the polite world as destitute of entertainment, and invented the symposium or club idea—later to be elaborated by W. H. Mallock in 'The New Republic,' by Peacock in his social satires, and others. The *Guardian* had its day also.

Henry Mackenzie, 'the man of Feeling,' and no inconsiderable writer, friend of Scott and the Edinburgh intelligentsia, was principal contributor to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, while Scott himself was happy to appear between periodical covers. Smollett was a born journalist too, and showed a spirited pair of heels in the *Critical Review* and the *British Critic*. Beloved Goldsmith must also try his hand, in the *Bee*, 1759, of which only a few numbers appeared. On his 'first attempt to address the public in form,' he felt himself 'a whimsically dismal figure . . . a man of modesty, who assumes an air of impudence—who, while his heart

beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good humour.' His cheerfulness is damped with apprehension . . . 'I was at a loss whether to give the public specious promises, or give none. . . . A *bon mot* that might be relished at White's may lose all its flavour when delivered at the Cat and Bagpipes in St. Giles's. . . . However, I assure the reader I was never yet possessed of the secret at once of writing and sleeping.' The essays rescued from this work are few, but exquisite. To be a great author does not constitute a man a great editor.

One day in 1802 Sydney Smith, meeting Brougham and others at Jeffrey's house, took the fancy of the circle by suggesting the *Edinburgh Review*, which later was to give Macaulay's essays as well as Smith's own, Jeffrey's and Horner's. London in 1809 began the *Quarterly Review*, which ever since has grown in favour and influence. For many years John Gibson Lockhart, Scott's brilliant son-in-law, was editor, and many of the ablest articles, of biography and criticism, were from his hand. He was preceded in the editorship by William Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, and author of the 'Baviad' and 'Mæviad,' which dictionaries of literature remark as caustic satires. It is amusing now to look across the years and hear Hazlitt's shrill resentment at politics which, because they were anti-revolutionary, were not his. But Mr. Murray, after consulting Canning and other Cabinet Ministers, founded the *Review* precisely to be an arrow-head of reasoned constitutionalism. Hazlitt also resented Gifford's success, and his deep knowledge of the Elizabethans. Southey, in his serene and lucid prose, wrote much in the *Quarterly Review* in defence of Christianity: his contributions were no fewer than ninety-four, and how seriously he took his great platform is told by De Quincey in 'Reminiscences of the Society of the Lakes,'

where he is compared with Gibbon ; both were industrious scholars, living amid books and select congenial associates by a beautiful lake amid mountains. 'Like Gibbon he was the most accomplished litterateur amongst the erudite scholars of his time, and the most of an erudite scholar amongst the accomplished litterateurs.'

Sir Walter Scott, when king of English letters, became a pillar of the *Quarterly* ; and in this way. A number of the *Edinburgh Review* which contained a condescending critique by Jeffrey on 'Marmion,' had also a paper on current politics which made the shrewd Mr. Murray calculate that the alliance could not last, since, he said, 'Walter Scott has feelings both as a gentleman and a Tory which these people have wounded.' An article on the Spanish situation, which we to-day would describe as defeatist, was the last straw, and Scott withdrew his subscription. In 1808 Mr. Murray saw Scott in the North, invited him to join himself, Canning, Southey, Heber, Ellis, and Hookham Frere. Scott was even offered the editorship. It was a brilliantly inspired offer. Yet Scott was wise to refuse. It would have been a piling of Pelion upon Ossa ; and the responsibility, added to Scott's own *furor* of creative work, would have brought his breakdown earlier. Still, as Lord Tweedmuir has recorded, 'some of his best essays appeared in its pages, for Scott, like other men of letters, had to have some outlet for episodic work, *causeries* which were often the expansion of his table talk. He was always a kindly and courteous critic.' Conservative in the best sense, Scott's change of allegiance in this war of Reviews was inevitable ; 'the brusk complacency of Jeffrey,' as the same authority adds, 'which made Wordsworth's toe itch for his hinder parts, was bound sooner or later to revolt a man of Scott's fundamental reverence and deep historic sense. To the

illuminati of the *Edinburgh*, as to the illuminati in every age, such simple emotions were scarcely intelligible.' Scott once defended the historic framework of his tale 'Old Mortality' in the *Quarterly* when it was attacked by the 'learned and unreadable McCrie'; the literary criticism in this paper was provided by Erskine.

Later came the CORNHILL. Trollope tells us of the fortunate inauguration of this magazine on January 1st, 1860, with Thackeray as editor: 'It was a good name with which to conjure. Something was to be given for a shilling very much in excess of anything they had ever received for that or double the money. "Framley Parsonage"—or rather, my connection with the CORNHILL—was the means of introducing me very quickly to that literary world from which I had hitherto been severed by the fact of my residence in Ireland. Then I first met many men who afterwards became my most intimate associates: Thackeray, Sir Charles Taylor, Robert Bell, G. H. Lewes and John Everett Millais. Millais was engaged to illustrate "Framley Parsonage," but this was not the first work he did for the magazine. It made me very proud.' In the next year he wrote for the CORNHILL 'The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson,' a satire on the ways of trade. 'I think,' remarks Trollope, 'there is some good fun in it, but I have heard no one else express such an opinion. The publisher kindly remarked he did not think it was equal to my usual work.' He lived to do other wonderful, characteristic English work for the magazine.

When the CORNHILL was six months old, Thackeray tells us exultingly what had happened: it had a sale of over one hundred thousand. 'I salute the symbol of the goddess Fortune with a reverent awe. . . . What banner is there like that of Cornhill? More than a hundred thousand

purchasers—and I believe as many as a million readers. To these have we said an unkind word? We have enemies; have we hit them an unkind blow? Have we sought to pursue party aims, to forward private jobs, to advance selfish schemes?' Thackeray's editorial policy was neatly put by him to Trollope: 'You can help in other ways besides tale-telling. Whatever a man knows about life and its doings, that let us hear about. You must have tossed a good deal about the world, and have countless sketches in your memory and your portfolio. One of our chief objects in this magazine is the getting out of novel spinning, and back into the world.' Yet many a good novel has there made its first appearance, not least Thomas Hardy's 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' and in our day Eden Phillpotts. Others recall the ripe reminiscences of A. C. Benson, 'The Leaves of the Tree.'

Dickens was a good editor too, but the periodicals associated with his name have, alas, not lived on. Outwardly his career parallels many in Fleet Street to-day: after a short engagement on the *True Sun*, he joined the *Morning Chronicle*, contributed to the *Old Monthly*, became editor of *Bentley's Miscellany* (in which he printed 'Oliver Twist' serially); then, after his American tour and 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' established and edited the *Daily News*, a heavy task from which he retired again to fiction, until he undertook to conduct *Household Words*, which became his own property under the title *All the Year Round*. But what labour and emotional stress are condensed in that life-sentence! Here, too, though the periodicals have succumbed, posterity is no loser, thanks to book-binding. Once more, the partition betwixt literature and fine journalism vanishes.

Leigh Hunt, poet and humanist primarily, lover of his fellow-man, was an 'addict' of the miscellany habit. While

still a youngster, he wrote theatrical criticisms for the *Traveller* (soon after merged in the *Globe*), modelling himself on George Colman in the *Connoisseur*. With his brother he founded the *Examiner*, aggressively reformist; and a fourth ministerial prosecution obtained the brothers two years' imprisonment and a £500 fine each, for libel on the Prince Regent. For the following seven years he translated, versified, and gave us the flower of his essays in the *Indicator*, and 'Wishing-Cap Papers' for the *Examiner*. I particularly treasure the bound numbers of the *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* 'to assist the inquiring, animate the struggling, and sympathise with all,' from the first issue on April 2nd, 1834; priced at three-half-pence, it is more a magazine—on the modest scale of eight pages—than a paper. It is yellowing now, but is very legible; and the eager, kind, helpful soul of Hunt looks out from almost every page. In his opening Address, his plan is: one original paper every week from the editor; a weekly abstract of some popular or otherwise interesting book, the spirit of which will be given *entire*, after the fashion of the excellent abridgements in *Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine*; and lastly, a brief current notice of the existing state of poetry, painting, and music, and a general sprinkle of notes, verses, and miscellaneous paragraphs.

It is a pleasant fireside companion even at this distance of a hundred and three years. It ought to have gone on and on, as brightly as Hunt himself did. That it did not is another mystery of mortality. 'Pleasure,' he declares, 'is the business of this Journal: we own it: we love to begin with the word: it is like commencing the day (as we are now commencing it) with sunshine in the room. Man has not yet learnt to enjoy the world he lives in; no, not the millionth part of it; and we would fain help him

to render it productive of still greater joy. 'Can you put a loaf on my table?' the poor man may ask. No: but we can show him how to get it in the best manner, and comfort him while he is getting it. If he can get it not at all, we do not profess to have even the right of being listened to by him. We can only do what we can, as his fellow-creatures, and by other means, towards hastening the termination of so frightful an exception to the common lot.' These other means took the great-hearted Hunt away from his *forte* into reform and politics; to his honour as a man. So in a degree was it with his friends Shelley, Hazlitt and Carlyle, and perhaps it added timbre to his mind and saved him from dilettantism. Light-weight as he is, he attracts still: Edmund Blunden has written his life and an appraisal. Perhaps he was not of the stature to wrestle with and conquer Time: his flight was the swallow's—brief and swift—and, like the swallow, his day may be over with the summer. No Saul among the prophets, only a David harping before us to charm away the blues. In his time (as 'The Religion of the Heart' shows) he contended with darkness; but it was without dust and noise, gracefully and hopefully as the angel in Raphael's picture grapples with the Fiend. With him we live in an unfallen Eden.

Hazlitt steered clear of editorship and proprietorship, but his militant pen was at friends' service; his 'Round Table' appeared in the *Examiner*, his 'Characters of Shakespeare's Plays' in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, and others in the *London Magazine* and *Morning Chronicle*. Briefly, he did fall to the temptation of being home editor of the *Liberal*, founded by Byron and Shelley; it foundered after its fourth number. The 'heavenly mingle' of Charles Lamb appeared largely in the *Reflector*, a quarterly with which Hunt was connected, notably the essays on Hogarth and on the tragedies

of Shakespeare; then in the *London Magazine*, as 'Elia,' alongside what contributors!—De Quincey, Cary, Allan Cunningham, Hood, Keats, Landor, Reynolds, Hazlitt, and Hare. Evidently, genius alone is not the vital elixir for a magazine; there is some further recipe, the mystery of strategy and conducting. From his book-filled and littered rooms in Lothian Street, Edinburgh, a hundred years ago De Quincey—counteracting opium with tea, and metaphysical reverie by visits from the printer's devil—wrote his elaborate, exciting and melodious prose essays for Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*, the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, and Hogg's *Instructor*, as well as *Tait's*.

The *Illustrated London News* has lived from the days of imaginative line-drawings and wood-cuts, illustrating far-away wars, to the present day of special process work; whereas mysteriously the *Graphic*, in which Hardy's 'Jude the Obscure' first became public, has 'gone on.' The *Yellow Book* of the 'nineties ought to have lived: for it is a mistake in fact to suppose it was 'decadent.' Rather was it virile and experimental; hospitable to the spirit of Kipling, Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, A. B. Walkley, no less than to Wilde and Beardsley. The solid and informative *Chambers'* has carried on notably. But where are the *Athenæum*, the *Academy*, and W. E. Henley's vigorous *National Observer*? Gone, or absorbed; like the yellow-backed *London Mercury* more recently. The feared and admired old-style *Saturday Review* (*Saturday*, for short) suffered a sea-change into something more general and modern; the *Nation* went the way of the old Liberal Guard; Cecil Chesterton's *New Witness* left its spirit as a legacy to the independent *G.K.'s Weekly*, now edited by Mr. Belloc and Mr. Jebb; the *Speaker*, in which 'Q' used to scintillate, is almost forgotten—ungratefully; the *Tablet*, venerable as to years, is still well informed

and sprightly; the *Dublin*, which once had the honour of printing Francis Thompson's dazzling essay on Shelley, divides attention between theology, philosophy, scholarship and social science; the *British Weekly* is old enough for Stevenson to have written in it fifty years ago. He wrote also for the *Idler*, which you may recall was run by Jerome K. Jerome; till it became a smiling souvenir like his 'Three Men in a Boat.' Wittily R. L. S. recounts how he and three young contemporaries started a magazine 'in a yellow cover, which was the best part of it; it ran four months in undisturbed obscurity, and died without a gasp. The first number was edited by all four of us with prodigious bustle; the second fell principally into the hands of Ferrier and me; the third I edited alone; and it has long been a solemn question who it was that edited the fourth. It would perhaps be still more difficult to say who read it. Poor harmless paper, that might have gone to print a Shakespeare on.' The lady with whom his heart was engaged at the time looked at it in silence: 'I will not say that I was pleased at this; but I will tell her now that I thought the better of her taste.'

Tennyson avoided journalism, and indeed prose, keeping to divine verse; but he gave the *Nineteenth Century* a send-off with a sonnet. The Tennysonian way of saying that the contributors had 'crossed the Street' is this:

'Now leaving to the skill
Of others their old craft, seaworthy still,
Have chartered this . . . to put forth and brave the blast;
For some, descending from the sacred peak
Of hoar high-templed Faith, have leagued again
Their lot with ours to rove the world about;
And some are wilder comrades, sworn to seek
If any golden harbour be for men
In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt.'

The present terms of reference of that review are, I think, sedater than this.

The 'young Toryism' of Austin Harrison's and Douglas Jerrold's *English Review* is merged in the equally lively one of Leo Maxse's *National Review*. The declaration of war in 1914 killed a number of gallant minor enterprises; the *New Weekly* never lived to be old and, like its promising staff, could not fulfil its promise. Paper ran short, and unhappily bullets did not. In London and the provinces many dignified local papers 'joined up'—with more successful rivals; a disappearing trick which persisted after the Armistice.

I have not dealt here with interesting coterie periodicals, which in effect are monthly or quarterly letters to his disciples by some philosopher or poet. One would not quiz the secrets of the Interior People and profane things esoteric. Nor with the dashing and coloured media of current fiction solely ('another powerful instalment,' etc.); they rush past with a noise as of the pursuing gongsters. These are merchandise mainly; and there is a vast retinue behind them which the editors and contributors with genial and disarming candour call 'rags.'

In moments of retrospect and sentiment, however, some of us do regret the diminution of the personal note in titles and tone—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*, *Bell's Life*, *T. P.'s Weekly*, *Leigh Hunt's Journal*. It signed the whole publication, even as articles should be signed. The Editor's name is always reassuring. We should often be more interested and less intimidated if papers bore their owner's name—Lord Berkshire's *Outlook*, for instance; Sir Henry Middlesex's *Daily Guardian*, or Mr. Million Ayre's *Morning Watchman*.

INDIA AGAIN.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL HARRY LEWIN.

II.

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER PROVINCE.

(This continues the narrative of a winter's visit to India. My wife had not been in that country since she left with her father, Lord Roberts, on the completion of his forty-one years' service in India in 1893, whilst the writer last saw it in 1899 on the outbreak of the South African War.)

THE Frontier Mail slows down and stops. A whistle and a pause. It is shortly after dawn. We let down the shuttered window of our compartment and look out on a fresh world. We have left the plains of India and are halted in a rocky gorge which rises sheer up on either side not forty yards from the train. We move slowly forward again, and round a bend are confronted by a red iron girder bridge—on to this we slowly clank. It is guarded at each end by a stone-built, double-storied, loopholed block-house, at the gate of which stands a fully armed sentry. Looking down, we see a muddy swirling river, held fast on either side by precipitous rocky banks.

As the train issues from the bridge it turns right-handed along the right, or West, bank—the permanent way being cut into the hillside some hundred feet above the river. We have crossed the Indus and are in the North-West Frontier Province. Across on the East bank we look up at the overhanging fortress of Attock crowning the opposite hill-top. Red serrated and loopholed walls, strengthened

every twenty yards along their perimeter by machicolis galleries, from which boiling oil and other aids to defence could be hurled on the heads of attackers. A formidable and extensive fortification, worthy of its builder, the Emperor Akbar, who constructed it during the reign of our Queen Elizabeth with a view to safeguarding the junction of the Kabul River, which flows into the West side of the River Indus opposite the fort. It stands magnificently for its purpose—and modern engineers have confirmed the soundness of its siting by bringing the modern railroad across the Indus under its walls. An impressive scene in a romantic locality—for here stood Alexander the Great's bridgehead over the Indus, leading to the plains of India, and every flood of invasion from the North-West has broken through the barrier of hills from this direction. Following the Mughals, Ranjit Singh and his Sikhs held Attock Fort against Afghan invasion for over fifty years, until they in turn, in 1849, yielded the defence of the Indus to the British Raj under men whose names live to this day—the Lawrences, Nicholson, Edwards, the Chamberlains.

It is a calm grey morning after rain, and the landscape stands out clean and clear before us. The train winds on out of the Indus gorge and turns West again as it meets the Kabul River, and proceeds up the valley of that river to the terminus station of Peshawar, some fifty miles farther on. The railway wanders across a broad level plain, well irrigated and cultivated, and, as Peshawar is approached, there is a fine display of orchards on either hand, evidently well stocked and wisely tended in all modern methods of fruit-growing. At the moment most of the trees are in full blossom, adding a wonderful note to the vivid scale of colour of the vale, backed by distant purple hills. Well-built stone villages show here and there—the principal

houses protected by loopholed watch-towers—for we are now in a land where a man's worth is judged mainly by his ability to safeguard his women and property. Even the railway stations we pass are small fortresses, the booking-offices and goods yards surrounded by twelve-foot loopholed walls with only one steel-shod gate for entrance. In something over an hour we arrive at Peshawar, the capital of the North-West Frontier Province.

The administration of this province is perhaps the most interesting of the many interesting problems which confront the British rule in the whole continent of India. A province reaching from Chitral in the North-East to Dera Ismail Khan in the South-West—a distance of some five hundred miles from point to point—its width averaging from a hundred and twenty, to two hundred miles—North of it—the tableland of the Hindu Kush and Central Asia. South, the province of Baluchistan reaching to the Indian Ocean. The sole line of approach to the rich plains of India lies across this five-hundred-mile zone, and its defence is the main—almost the only—problem of the defence of India. Its peace-time administration presents a problem of infinite complexity and difficulty, and is under the control of the Governor with his headquarters at Peshawar. To assist towards an appreciation of this fascinating land let us recall the old rule-of-thumb *aide-mémoire* of our youth, which helped us when studying that ever new, but always old, problem of the North-West frontier. The right hand extended with palm towards us, thumb pointing upwards or to the North, the fingers pointing to the left or westward. Placed thus, the outside limit line to the right of the thumb gives the line of the Indus, while the line of the Kabul River is indicated by the top limit of the first finger. The point where these two lines meet gives Attock. Peshawar lies to

the West on the other side of the thumb. The extended fingers and thumb represent the five main valleys of the hill districts or tribal areas. The thumb pointing North is the Malakand and Swat Valley, leading on to Chitral. The first finger is the Kyber Valley, up which runs the road to Kabul. The second finger is the valley of the Kurram, the third leads to Northern Waziristan, and the fourth to Southern Waziristan. The gaps between thumb and fingers are filled in by some of the highest and most rugged mountain country in the world, inhabited by tribesmen, Afridis, Mohmands, Waziers, Yussufzai and many more, each independent of the other, and owning but scanty allegiance to their tribal rulers or Khans. These hill districts form what are known as the tribal tracts, while the fertile plain represented by the palm of the hand is termed the administered district, the two areas possessing entirely different forms of Government, which, however, are both controlled by the Governor.

These two systems are indeed an interesting commentary on the flexibility of the English rule all the world over. When we cross the Indus the civil administration is little changed from that of the rest of British India. There is an organised system of justice, with a police force, all acting under the normal civil administration of a Commissioner, who administers the particular district under the Governor. As soon, however, as the foothills are reached—only a few miles beyond each of the district headquarters of Peshawar, Kohat, Bannu, Dera Ismail Khan, the system of Government changes entirely. British India ceases to exist at the undefined and almost imaginary line running approximately along the lowest slopes of the mountains. Here tribal territory begins. It is in fact a belt of mountainous country some sixty miles broad at its narrowest part, but much wider

in others, which runs between the administered districts and the 'Durand line,'—the line demarcating the frontier between India and Afghanistan. In the tribal areas no organised magistracy exists, and there is no collection of revenue. A British officer—termed the Political Agent—alone represents to the Pathan inhabitants the power of the British Government, typified by the Viceroy and his representative—the Governor of the North-West Frontier Province—from whom the various Political Agents receive their instructions. In its own immediate locality each tribe, under their own Maliks, are a law to themselves, guarding their women and property, and shooting their feud enemies as seems right in their own eyes without fear of intervention by British Law Courts or emissaries of Justice.

Each man—contrary to the law of British India—is armed, and carries his rifle—with a belt of ammunition—slung from his shoulder. Their position in the social scale is judged mainly by the type of weapon they possess. A British-made magazine rifle of latest mark corresponds, more or less, to the top-hat in London, while an older mark is about on the level of the bowler-hat or 'Trilby.' A single loader denotes the young fellow beginning life, who has yet to make his way in the world. Fine, tall, hawk-visaged men with cheery countenances—many of them blue of eye and ruddy of complexion—with jaunty dome-shaped caps round which they wear a whisp of puggaree tied with saucy upward cock on one side—you meet them swinging along the roads or down the hillsides—their sandalled feet moving exactly as Rudyard Kipling describes :

'He trod the ling like a buck in Spring.'

They are in truth veritable cocks o' the North—and they know it ! The sole condition laid upon them is that all

military roads through their territory, together with a narrow strip on either side, are considered sacred. No shooting is to take place on the road, and it is not in the rules of the game to pick off your enemy if he happens to be on the other side of the road to yourself. Firing across the road 'is not done'—or if it is, they know full well there will be trouble with their adviser and friend, the Political Agent, who without doubt will call upon their Malik to investigate the affair, and mete out the approved degree of justice, according to the tribal law.

The military roads through the tribal territory are built and maintained by the Government of India, the tribesmen finding the labour, and in many cases even taking up the contract to construct them. At a few vital points along their route, forts to contain as much as a battalion are built, and are held by regular troops of the Indian Army; otherwise the roads are guarded by local militia companies, and in the Kyber the tribesmen themselves are held responsible—supplying the pickets along the route from their own men, who are termed 'Kassadars.' Each Kassadar provides his own rifle, ammunition and clothing, with the exception of a distinctive puggaree given him by the Government. For this duty he receives a daily wage, but nothing more.

A journey up any one of the five valleys of the tribal territory is a glorious expedition. Our courteous host has placed a motor-car at our disposal to-day and suggests that, as it is fine, we should make a trip up the Kyber Pass to the Afghan Frontier. He tells us that his friend the Political Agent of the Kyber territory will be at Landi Kotal, and has kindly offered to do the honours of his constituency for us; and, moreover, the British officers of the Gurkha regiment holding the fort and outpost picquets, have done us the honour of asking us to lunch with them. So off we start,

in bright sunshine and crisp mountain air, and travel out North-West towards the mountains enclosing the first finger of our *aide-mémoire* plan.

The road is a broad fine motor way. There are in fact two, running parallel to each other, one for motors, and one for slower-moving traffic—camel caravans and pack donkeys. Either of these roads would do credit to any District Council Road Committee in England, so well are they laid and graded. The railway line follows much the same course and runs to Landi Kotal, a mile short of the Afghan Frontier, but is not used for normal traffic. It is merely there—ready—in case of need! Ten miles from Peshawar we pass the Sikh-built fort of Jamrud, and are in tribal territory. Each man we meet now carries his rifle slung from his shoulder, and the stone-built villages look more like forts. Kassadars sit about at vantage-points along the route, guarding the long strings of laden camel convoys or 'kafilas,' which we overtake or meet every now or then, making their way up and down the pass—for to-day is an 'open' day in the Kyber, when all who desire passage to and fro must move between daylight and dusk.

The road begins to ascend steadily, and winds its way up the pass as the rugged bare hills close in upon the route, and become more and more precipitous. About thirty miles on, we round a sharp bend, and find ourselves upon a small plateau or widening of the pass, upon which stands the fort and various buildings which form the Camp of Landi Kotal. A Gurkha sentry at a barrier gate signals 'Halt' to us, and the Commander of the Guard examines our passes and informs us that 'the Captain Sahib'—by whom he means the Political Agent—has gone on ahead down to the further barrier on the actual frontier. We run on another two miles and pull up beside a waiting motor-car, and are

greeted by the Political Agent, who is engaged in conversation with a group of tribesmen. The subject of their talk, which he subsequently tells us, is interesting. They are Afridis, and they have a grievance. The Government declines to enlist Afridis in the regular Army, although making use of their services as Kassadars. The Army pay and service, however, is more lucrative, and holds out a career, with prospects of promotion and pension, to their young men. Their brothers of the Yussufzai and Orakzai are allowed to enlist, but since the regrettable incidents of the Afghan War in 1919, when they were foolish enough to be false to their salt and throw in their lot with the Afghan invader, the Government has refused to take them into service as soldiers. They had been foolish. They realise the error of their ways. The British Raj is merciful and strong. Would not the Captain Sahib intercede for them to the Viceroy? The Captain Sahib told them they had been bad boys and he would promise nothing, and the conversation broke up with smiles and professions of goodwill and long life to the Captain Sahib, as he turned to greet our arrival.

He led us up a steep path to an eminence from which we could look westward down the pass into the valley of Jalalabad, showing green and fertile at the end of a barren and inhospitable vista of jumbled peaks and rocky slopes lit by brilliant sunshine, which produces broad purple shadows and golden glints of sunlit mountains.

Coming down from this vantage-point we strolled over to the barrier on the road which marks the frontier between India and Afghanistan. Two sentries on the Afghan side were lolling about—dressed in obviously German-made khaki serge uniforms, German steel helmets, rifles and boots. They were unimpressive and compared unfavourably in

physique with the single Kassadar who represented the British Empire on the opposite side of the barrier. He greeted us as we approached with cheery smile, and, in order to show that he understood the civilities as existing among gentlemen—unslung his rifle from the shoulder and brought it to the salute with resounding slap of the hand upon the small of the butt, in a manner that would have done no discredit to a sentry of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards.

A large white notice-board confronted us with the legend in English in bold letters :

FRONTIER OF INDIA

TRAVELLERS ARE NOT PERMITTED TO PASS
THIS NOTICE-BOARD UNLESS THEY HAVE
COMPLIED WITH THE PASSPORT REGULATIONS.

The Afghans, we were told, are particular that foreigners desiring to visit their country should observe with precision the proper diplomatic usages regarding passports. They watch the road-routes of entry with considerable care to ensure that their regulations are observed. All applications for visas are meticulously scrutinised by the Foreign Office at Kabul before being issued. It behoves the traveller, therefore, to allow ample time between applying for visa to his passport, and the date when he proposes to start on his journey into Afghanistan.

As illustrating the importance attached by the Afghan to the inviolability of his territory, the Commanding Officer of the Gurkha battalion told us an amusing story at luncheon. The incident arose recently during the relief of one of his company picquets by another company. The picquet line consists of small forts or block-houses built on vantage-points along the frontier line, and are held for a week at a time by the companies in rotation. It so happened that after this

particular relief was complete, one of the Gurkha riflemen of the relieved company discovered he had left his mosquito-net behind at the outpost, and—orders being strict on account of malaria that all troops must sleep under mosquito curtains—he determined to return before nightfall and retrieve his property. The route to the block-house lay up a steep valley, down the bottom of which runs the frontier line between India and Afghanistan. The little Gurkha, having regained his mosquito curtain, was making his way back to Landi Kotal fort, when, on rounding a bend, he suddenly found himself on top of a party of Afghan soldiers, sunning themselves on the Indian side of the valley—the Afghan side being in the shade, and therefore perceptibly cooler and less congenial for their afternoon siesta. Surprised as they were on forbidden soil, the Afghans at once realised that bluff was the only game to play, and instantly seized the little Gurkha, carried him forcibly across the frontier, and sent a message to the nearest British picquet to say they had arrested a Gurkha rifleman whom they found wandering in Afghan territory ! The information was immediately carried to the Political Agent, and—*Civis Romanus Sum*—the whole forces of diplomatic action of the British Empire were instantly set loose demanding the return of the King-Emperor's Rifleman. To such good effect was pressure brought to bear by the Political Agent that within twenty-four hours the little Gurkha, with mosquito-net complete, was back in barracks. But his cheery little brothers-in-arms, ever alive to a joke, at once nick-named him 'The Kabuli,' and the joke went fast and furious round the battalion. Later, however, when a wag developed the witticism further by naming the company 'the Kabuli Company' the old Subahdar in command felt it was time to take action. He paraded next morning at orderly room and explained to the commanding officer

that he enjoyed a joke with any man, but when his company received the title of 'Kabuli' as a result of outrageous and unwarranted behaviour on the part of ill-disciplined and ill-trained Afghan troops it was necessary for him, in the interests of the good name of his command, to bring the matter before the notice of the Colonel Sahib. The Colonel Sahib listened with every evidence of pained and sympathetic attention to the Subahdar's complaint, and, as a result, directed the Adjutant to let fall the hint that the 'Kabuli' joke was wearing thin, and the wags of the battalion had better seek new sources of humour.

The lesson, however, stands, and we certainly gathered from our Gurkha hosts that in the Kyber it does not do to be sketchy or slipshod in your actions or words, or you may pay for it with a bullet in the head or a knife under the fifth rib. When returning to your quarters after nightfall let your reply of 'Friend' come quickly and clearly in response to the sentry's challenge 'Halt, hookum dar !' otherwise his rifle may go off without affording you time for detailed explanations. The Kyber is no place for the 'limpin' prostitute.' Waziristan, owing to the present 'troubles,' is no suitable place for the winter tourist. We therefore had to eliminate the third and little fingers from our tour of the frontier, but the valley of the Kurram—the second finger—was free from the unrest, and we started forth from Peshawar by car the following morning. South across the Peshawar vale, making for the Kohat Pass over the range of the Safed Koh, which runs East and West, dividing the valleys of the Kabul and Kurram Rivers.

About twelve miles from Peshawar the foothills are reached, and we pass the barrier into tribal territory. A few miles farther on we pass through a small village, and we draw up at one of the houses. We are received at the door

by a bearded elder bearing a strong resemblance to the pictures of Abraham as delineated by the old masters. He courteously explains that his friend the Deputy Commissioner Sahib had intimated to him that we would be interested to inspect his rifle factory, and he begged us to enter. A rifle factory other than a Government concern struck us as peculiar, but merely affords evidence of the degree of independence permitted to the tribes of the tribal territory. If they decide to manufacture their own rifles in preference to buying them in Afghanistan and Persia, or stealing them from the Indian Government, it is considered that it is no concern of ours. Rifles the tribesmen must, and will, have, and here was one of them with enough commercial instinct to start a factory to supply the need. Inside we found three Pathans at work on rifle-barrels, on three lathes that could only have been designed by Mr. Heath Robinson. It was amazing to believe that any weapon of precision could be derived from such a source, and yet when we inspected a finished article, which we were assured had been manufactured on the spot, there was, to our uninstructed eyes, nothing that could be found amiss. Repair work was solely in hand at the time of our visit, and possibly this forms the chief task of the factory. It was indeed a strange experience to step out of this most primitive arsenal on to the first-rate military road outside, and continue our journey up the valley in all the same peace and comfort that one proceeds up the Bath road to London on a June morning.

Our route continued to ascend, climbing by steady gradient and magnificently engineered road-making up the mountainside. We met motor-buses and lorries every now and then, laden with passengers and goods. On we climb, swinging round bends and precipitous headlands—sheer walls of rock on one side, and dizzy abysses on the other—

up and up. Ahead we see the line of our road across on the opposite slope of a bottomless valley—and we look below on the winding ribbon we climbed a quarter of an hour ago. It is a magnificent ascent, and we are lost in admiration of the skill of the Royal Engineers and the P.W.D. of India, who are responsible for our frontier military roads.

At last, as our barometer is registering a height in the neighbourhood of six thousand feet, we rise up on to the neck of the pass and look down over the Kohat vale, some four thousand feet below us. At the summit the road is spanned by a handsome stone triumphal arch, known as the Handeysyde Memorial. This was erected some years ago to the memory of Colonel Handeysyde, one of the most famous wardens of the frontier marches, where he was superintendent of the Border Police. He was killed when leading a handful of his men into tribal territory to arrest an outlaw who had raided into the administered territory, and killed, robbed and abducted inhabitants living in that area, and therefore under British protection. The arch was erected by public subscription, to which many of the inhabitants of tribal territory contributed, as testimony of their regard for Handeysyde's outstanding qualities. Beyond the arch, guarding the top of the pass, stands a fort garrisoned by a regular Indian battalion. We halt for a few minutes to admire the magnificent view spread out beneath us, and then begin the descent to Kohat, down an even longer and more dizzy route than that by which we had ascended.

In Kohat we turn westward. Before leaving the cantonment we pass the sad ruin of the little church. This was destroyed by fire only a few weeks previously, and with it unhappily perished many glorious relics, colours and memorials of border deeds of valour. In connection with this regretted conflagration, a splendid tale of the brotherhood

of arms is told. At the time of its occurrence a Sikh Territorial battalion was carrying out its period of two months annual training at Kohat. The destruction of the British place of worship appealed so deeply to the Sikh officers, that, within two hours of the disaster, the churchwarden—the Brigade Major of the Kohat Brigade—received a letter from them expressing their deep concern at the loss which their British Officers had sustained, and enclosing a donation of two hundred rupees, which they offered with all humility in the hope that it might help towards rebuilding the Sahibs' church. The restoration fund of the Church of England church at Kohat is headed, therefore, by the generous donation made by Sikh officers.

It is some forty miles to Kohat from Peshawar over the Kohat Pass, and another hundred or more on up the valley of the Kurram to Parachinar. This cantonment lies some twenty miles short of the frontier of Afghanistan, the route to which runs over the Peiwar Kotal and Spingawi Passes. Most of the road from Kohat lies through tribal territory, but is more hospitable in character than the Kyber. The valley broadens out in many places to a width of some ten miles, bright and colourful with green crops, orchards in blossom, and avenues of trees of considerable variety—ilex, tamarisk, chunar, wild olive and willow, some of the finest cricket-bat willow is grown in the valley of the Kurram ! The arts of husbandry produce peace, so that there are no Kassadar picquets along the road, and although many of the tribesmen carry rifles, it appears to be more in the nature of custom and as evidence of their social standing rather than from any immediate need of personal safety. Motor-buses are fairly frequent, and appear well patronised, while motor-lorries carrying produce to Thal market are numerous. The bullock-cart of India is almost absent, and even the

camel convoy appears to be yielding to the competition of the motor-lorry. Thal, with its large modern fort, lies half-way between Kohat and Parachinar and its market square, through which we pass, is crowded. It certainly appears to fulfil the main function of most market-places, in that it affords an excellent gossip centre for all the countryside. The collection of humanity of all types and tribes made us wish we had time to spend there, if possible, in the company of an expert in tribal folk-lore.

Parachinar has been the headquarters of the Political Agent of the Kurram tribal territory for over forty years. The post has been held by men whose names are bywords along the border. Their leadership shows itself in the marked development of agricultural pursuits of the tribesmen throughout the valley. Possibly this influence is largely due to the fact that the inhabitants, as Moslems, hold to the tenets of the Shia sect, while they are surrounded both on the Indian as well as the Afghan side by the more numerous Sunni believers. This led their chiefs, after the second Afghan War, to appeal for protection to the Indian Government, who responded by creating a Political Agency in the Kurram Valley, with its centre pushed forward close to the Afghan border at Parachinar, where it was in immediate touch with the Shia tribesmen. The success of this overriding authority, maintaining the balance between two opposing lines of religious thought, has proved highly successful, for tribal peace reigns almost uninterruptedly in the Kurram, and every year there is steady improvement in agriculture and trade.

The land round Parachinar is productive. Asparagus, introduced by a Political Agent some ten years ago, now grows wild and propagates itself. Peaches, nectarines, raspberries, apples, pears, oranges—all flourish, as well as ground

vegetables and cereals. There would seem to be few known fruits, vegetables or flowers of temperate zones that the soil of the Kurram Valley is not capable of producing, and the Political Agents for years past have been unremitting in their efforts to encourage the tribesmen in taking up the pursuit of husbandry—their view being that they will thus create markets, which in turn will create extended demands among the tribesmen for comforts and amenities of life. Once a border clansman becomes a horticulturist doing business with India, possibly owning a motor-lorry with which to market his produce and return with goods to meet his enlarged views of comfort, he no longer regards raids from his ancient standpoint as the means of acquiring wealth, but turns his attention to the maintenance of good roads and peaceful conditions of life. In the fruitful soil of the Kurram Valley it is possible to promote such a policy, but farther South, in the inhospitable regions of Waziristan, it is otherwise. Here there is practically no soil, nothing but arid valleys and rocky precipitous hillsides, which cannot support more than a third of the sparse population—who are thus forced to obtain a livelihood from outside sources—which, in tribal circles, means to raid your richer neighbour's garnered stores. Hence the origin of what is euphemistically termed 'unrest' upon the Frontier.

The Kurram Valley formed the line of advance of the central column of the British Army which invaded Afghanistan in the second Afghan War in 1878. This column was commanded by a Major of Artillery—Major (local Major-General) Frederick Roberts, V.C., afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, and was his first independent command on active service. The present advanced outpost fort of Ali Mangal stands overlooking the site of the camp from which his force set out stealthily at nightfall on its arduous and

long night-march turning movement, by which the Spingawi and Peiwar Kotal passes were captured at dawn, and the routed Afghan Army fled into the valley of Ali Khel beyond. The fort of Ali Mangal forms an important link in the chain of fortified posts held by the Indian Government along the top of the Kurram Valley. They are manned by troops of the Kurram militia, recruited from local tribesmen, mostly of the Turi tribe and therefore Shias by religion. The system of defence in this respect is different from that of the Kyber, in that its defenders are not Kassadars, backed by regular troops, but regularly enlisted militia, clothed and armed by the Indian Government, under their own officers, and commanded by British officers seconded from the Indian Army. A fine body of hillmen, capable of great endurance and knowing every inch of their frontier hills. We found the fort of Ali Mangal commanded by Subahdar Mohamed Akbar, a magnificent handsome Turi, with striking regular features and blue eyes. He looked a veritable leader, and showed us the defences of his command with calm dignity and knowledge. On our way back we met a party returning from a night 'gasht' or patrol. We were informed they had covered about forty miles along the trackless hillsides and valleys of the Durand Line. They were swinging along in grand form—two advanced scouts moving at about ten paces interval along a line of trees, the connecting file a hundred yards or so behind, and the main body—followed by a rear-guard—moving up the valley, keeping stealthy touch with their advanced scouts. They moved rapidly and silently. One quite wished for the sudden flick of a bullet overhead to see how the ground would swallow them up, and they would fling themselves into every possible point of vantage from which they could offer resistance or prosecute their further advance. As they passed on beyond us it was

marvellous to note the quickness with which they merged into the landscape and disappeared from sight.

These evidences of ever-watchful guard appeared almost uncalled-for in such surroundings of beauty and apparent peaceful prosperity—but as we surveyed the extended scene and looked aloft to the snow-capped summit of Sika Ram, rising a sheer 15,000 feet above the valley, glistening in the morning sunshine, beautiful, yet nevertheless scarred by tracks of landslides and avalanches, we realised that man as well as nature suffers from the unexpected. Avalanches of war and revolt have from time immemorial crashed down into India from over those peaks, and we are reminded that even in this twentieth century we live in days when only the strong man, armed, can count on keeping his goods in peace.

Our final expedition was to the locality represented by our thumb—the Malakand and the Swat Valley. This shares in common with the Kurram the blessings of a productive soil. Time was when their inhabitants were as much given to unrest as the tribes of Waziristan, and the famous corps of the Guides held the frontier at Mardan, ready at short notice to deal with eventualities. When, about forty years ago, owing to trouble in Chitral, it was decided to advance our line over the Malakand Pass and gain direct touch with the tribes in Swat, Bajaur and Dir, there were not wanting those who maintained that our action was a menace which could only create unceasing suspicion and hostility on the part of the tribesmen. Happily these gloomy forebodings have not been fulfilled—for among the various activities of the Political Agents to improve the lot of the tribesmen, has been a particularly successful irrigation scheme in the Swat Valley, which has brought such profit to the inhabitants that they are fast developing into the same peaceful cultivators as their brethren of the Kurram.

A cavalry brigade at Risalpur on the Kabul River, with an infantry brigade on the opposite bank at Nowshera, form not only a support to the garrison of Peshawar, but stand to reinforce the troops holding Mardan and the Malakand Pass with the fort of Chakdara beyond.

The Malakand road leaves the grand trunk road at Nowshera and runs North through Risalpur and Mardan, after which it passes into tribal territory and begins to ascend to Malakand. The road winds up in much the same way as that over the Kohat Pass, its surface and construction being of the same high quality we have learnt by this time to expect on all frontier roads. As we approach the Col we pass the new buildings of the Malakand hydro-electric scheme, which, by means of a tunnel with a sharp fall running underneath the pass, harnesses the surplus waters of the Swat River, and will supply electricity power and light to Malakand, Mardan, Risalpur and Nowshera. The Cantonment and defences of Malakand consist of small forts and block-houses crowning the summits of the hills on either side of the pass, while bungalows, buildings and barracks nestle on the reverse slopes and in crannies guarded by the defensible line of forts. It suggests a large group of eagle nests, perched on the topmost crags, and gives the impression of greater height and far wider command on all sides than Landi Kotal in the Kyber. For those who enjoy mountaineering it is difficult to imagine a more delightful dwelling-place than Malakand—for when you step from your house to visit a neighbour a few hundred yards distant, it would seem that it is necessary to undertake a rock climb down—and a rock climb up—that should satisfy the ambitions of the most enthusiastic mountaineer.

Through the pass we descend more gradually into the productive plain of the Swat Valley, the road following generally the line of the Swat canal and river, and bordered

on either side by trees of ilex, tamarisk and willow. The inhabitants are numerous and mostly appear to be occupied in orchards or in the fields. The villages are well built of stone, and the people greet us cheerfully as we pass. Eight miles beyond the foot of the pass the road crosses the river by an iron-girder bridge, and passes under the walls of Chakdara Fort, where we are welcomed by the Captain commanding the two companies of Gurkhas forming the garrison. This is the limit of our pass into the Swat Valley, but the military road continues for another seventy miles up the valley towards Chitral.

Inside the fort we found two deck-tennis courts marked out on the only available level space in or near the fort, and on these the little Gurkha riflemen were playing with the greatest dash and skill. Shouts of laughter and comment proceeded from the onlookers awaiting their turn for a game, and many of the players displayed more than ordinary skill, although their captain told us that by nature the Gurkha is anything but an adept at ball games, and finds at first considerable difficulty in catching the quoit.

From the summit of the fort we obtained a glorious view of the surrounding valley, while the fort commander pointed out to us the main features of the landscape. He, being a keen fisherman, became interested in a small party of his Gurkhas who were engaged below in damming a side-stream, with a view to catching the fish. Left to themselves they would much prefer, he told us, to use a hand-grenade in a deep pool, as being the most speedy and effective method of killing fish. This, however, is strictly forbidden. But they are permitted to dam side-streams, though not the main current of the river, which is reserved entirely for rod-fishing and affords good sport. The little riflemen evidently understood their job well, for after about a quarter of an

hour's work, with much chat and laughter, they had a length of stream almost dry and began deftly flinging a fine number of fish out on to the bank. Life on detachment at Chakdara Fort as we saw it on a glorious day of sunshine and temperate atmosphere would appear a veritable rest-cure—but later with heat radiating from every rock on the hillside, or with the unceasing torrent of the rains, or again in the blizzards of winter snow-storms, it is likely to prove hardly as fascinating as it did to us that afternoon, especially if, in addition to trying meteorological conditions, one happened to be a victim to malaria or dysentery, which are common ills to those who serve the Raj in India.

Our last day at Peshawar Sir George Cunningham, the Governor, most kindly invited to Government House no less than sixteen old officers and men who had served under Lord Roberts in India, or during the South African war, as his orderlies. The old gentlemen had been brought in, many of them from considerable distances in tribal territory, and arrived in a motor-omnibus at Government House. Some were in their old uniforms, wearing their swords, while the remainder were in the civilian dress of their tribe. All proudly wore their medals, but the ribbons of one or two were so perished that they could not be worn upon the breast, but were carefully wrapped and tied in the corner of a cotton cloth, to be produced immediately they were introduced to the Governor. Nearly all were of the Afridi clan, though two were of the Orakzai. Having been helped from their bus they were seated in groups round tea-tables in the verandah, while Sir George moved from table to table, introducing each in turn to my wife as Lord Roberts' daughter, and kindly translating for her into Pushto—for few of them spoke Urdu. Their charm of manner was delightful. Each was intent in explaining when and how

he had met his old Chief—their memory for details and incidents of long ago was remarkable. Occasionally one would make a slip in his narrative and was promptly corrected by his neighbours. One was particularly insistent in his praise of the 'Good old days,' when, he explained, there were 'no aeroplanes and no congress.' His house, he declared, had been bombed during the 'troubles of 1897,' and—with the congress now in power—no one knew what would happen! It was promptly pointed out to the old warrior by his brothers-in-arms that there were no such things as aeroplanes in 1897, but he adhered to his contention, although he admitted that the damage might possibly have occurred during the course of later 'troubles.' Sir George kindly directed him to give all particulars to the Political Agent of his tribal district, and assured him that if the facts were as he stated, he would undoubtedly be indemnified. This gratified the old gentleman greatly, who, like the good soldier he was—having got his grouse off his chest—settled down to enjoy himself over the cakes and tea.

Another fine old officer, who had been taken prisoner at Kut in the late War, told how his captors tried their best to force him to forswear his allegiance to the British Raj, and of the brutal cruelty with which he was treated when he stoutly refused to listen to the temptation.

There was much general conversation and recital of deeds of yore, and the party finally betook themselves to their motor-bus with protestations of loyalty to the King-Emperor and thanks to Sir George Cunningham for his hospitality and regard for the welfare of his people.

Our visit to the North-West Frontier Province was at an end. We said farewell with sincere regret to the rugged land of a rugged and manly people.

[*'Delhi and The New Constitution' will be published in December.*]

FOG.

BY M. A. PEART.

It came as we sat at tea, creeping up the hill between the ornate Victorian houses of the wealthy suburb. The fire in the room was bright, the talk cheerful, the lights lit, and I was unaware of its stealthy approach. I remember once shivering, and my hostess insisting that a window must be causing a draught. One of the many long windows was found to be open. It struck me as ridiculous that I should shiver in that warm room, having always had a passion for fresh air.

As I rose to go the telephone rang, and my hostess left the room. She returned quickly, and said, 'My husband expects to be late. There is dense fog in the town. He has been an hour getting from the station to Briggate. Let me ring for a taxi for you, my dear.'

'Thank you, no. I'd rather walk.'

'Do have one!'

'I'd rather walk, really. I'll start at once.'

They helped me into my coat, and, turning, I faced for the first time the long windows. The fog was rolling up the hill, and the November sun had set. The after-glow lit the rising bank, permeating it with bands of iridescent colour. There was something phosphorescent and repellent in those tints. The effect should have been beautiful, but was lurid, like some decomposing rainbow.

I left the hospitable doors of Tregennis and began the descent of the drive, bordered by heavy hedges of dripping rhododendrons. I was busy plotting in my mind a plan of the suburb before me. I did not know it well, having only

lately come to the town. In fact, I had just used a letter of introduction. There should be a left turn, then an awkward cross-roads, then two right turns. The last should lead down a long avenue to one of the main arteries of the city. From there I thought I could pick my way to my flat fairly easily. I should skirt one of the slums, soon to be cleared, but by sticking to the side railings of the cemetery I was pretty sure I could find my way.

I turned left out of the gate of the drive, downhill, counting the pollard chestnuts that lined the road. Suddenly I stepped into the fog, and began to descend in it. It lapped round me in drifts, dead white, and constantly moving. Each drift was followed by a denser layer of moving cloud. Its chill entered the bones. Its weight pressed on the head and eyelids. It stung the eyes and nostrils. Trees became unsubstantial things, then faded.

I clung to the inside of the pavement, touching the rough stones with my gloved hands, for in this suburb the city magnates dwelt apart, each ensconced behind high garden walls. The street lights came on, and were of no avail. As I stepped into the confused circle of their rays the paving stones appeared to rise up like a wall before my face, falling again suddenly as the fog smothered the feeble gleam.

Occasionally figures stumbled from the fog, panting or shouting words of warning. Once a woman fell against me, clutched my shoulders, apologised, and vanished. More often the voice appeared to be bodiless, the world peopled with shadows. I remembered Beddoes'

*'Voices were heard, most loud, which no man owned :
There were more shadows too than there were men,
And all the air, more dark and thick than night,
Was heavy, as 'twere made of something more
Than living breaths.'*

When curbs crossed the pavement from the drives of hidden houses I stumbled forward, for so dense now had become the fog that I could scarce see the curb beneath my feet, but seemed to step down into an unsubstantial sea. But I had reached the end of the avenue, and must make the awkward crossing to the right. For a moment I held the trunk of a plane tree, listening intently for warning sound of car or bicycle. There was nothing but the drip of trees, and I stepped off the curb.

Within ten yards I felt uncertain of my direction, within twelve I was lost. I stood still, trying to remember the slope of the hill at the cross-roads, for I was certainly going downhill.

A man's figure loomed out of the fog, almost touching me. It was short and thick-set, burly about the shoulders. He wore a greatcoat of a rather old and uncommon cut. I had not heard his steps, and nearly collided with him. He spoke cheerfully, with a Yorkshire accent: 'Where are ye going?'

'To Mirfield Street first; then one I expect you don't know—Orchard Street.'

'Ah know it. Ye are on the wrong road. Follow me, ah'm going that way meself. Mind t'curb.'

He was so definite, so assured and cheerful, that I followed him thankfully. He had an air of joviality, a sort of rough good humour that put one on good terms even with the fog. I could picture him the centre of a circle in some old-fashioned bar, recounting travellers' tales. I tried to catch a glimpse of his face as we passed the next lamp-post. It was a massive head, the skin red with exposure, the blue eyes slits in the ruddy flesh.

'There's t'convent gate,' he said. 'Mind t'curb. Now we make a crossing. Elm Grove School would be next, eh, wouldn't it?'

'I don't know,' I said. 'I'm a stranger here.'

'Elm Grove School it is,' he said triumphantly.

An excited chatter of treble voices and bicycle bells burst upon us. 'Mother 'phoned she's sending Sarah.' 'Let's wait here.' 'Where's the car?' 'My Dad's coming for me; I'll take you when he comes.'

'Do any of you young ladies want Mirfield Road?' said my guide. 'Ah'm going that way meself.'

They apparently did not hear, or did not deign to answer, but keeping their backs turned continued to chatter like a flock of starlings.

'Best leave them here if their people are sending for them,' I said.

'Aye, that's best,' he said philosophically. He had taken the rebuff in good part, I thought.

'Here's another crossing. 'Untsman Street. Mind t'curb.'

A bell rang, and another figure, wheeling a bicycle, loomed out of the fog. The handlebars hit me.

'Sorry, miss,' said a boy's voice. It was the errand-boy from Eden's, my grocer. 'Are you all right, miss?' he said, quickly recognising me. 'You'll get back all right alone?'

'Thanks, I'm all right. I'm lucky to have a guide.'

He stared at me with a puzzled expression. I said, 'Good night,' and the fog drifted between us.

In a few minutes we heard the exasperated hooting of cars, shouts and ringing of bells, and saw the smothered glow of flares and headlights. Traffic was at a standstill all along the great highway. An ambulance bell was ringing, the driver trying to thread his way through the pack of traffic.

'T'ambulance,' said my guide. His voice sounded

almost exultant with cheerfulness. 'Coom this way. I'll steer you through traffic.'

Between throbbing engines and the dull gleam of headlights, choking with fumes of petrol, we picked our way through the block.

'We'll cut through here,' said my companion, reaching the opposite pavement and turning down a side street.

'Thanks most awfully. I can manage now. I'll go by the cemetery rails.'

He seemed disappointed. 'This way's a champion short cut,' he said.

'Very well,' I answered, feeling I had appeared ungrateful.

We passed down a narrow side street, crossed a road, and came face to face with a row of old-fashioned houses built flush with the street. He padded along by the houses till he reached the entrance of a narrow passage, a doorway without a door. The entrance was dark, and indescribably gloomy. The damp walls reeked of moisture and unclean age. We were going roughly in the right direction, or I should not have entered that passage.

'It's all right,' said my companion, sensing my hesitation, 'we coom out in Cockburn Street.'

We emerged from darkness into a gloomy court. A faint glimmering gas-lamp lit the small circle of sweating flagstones round it. At the base of the lamp-post a half-starved cat crouched, examining a sack. As my companion stooped down to touch it the cat shrank back, every hair on its body raised, and gave vent to a scream such as I have never heard a cat give before, nor ever wish to hear again.

I heard my companion curse, his foot shot out, then with an effort he controlled himself, and said in his jovial voice, 'Puss, Puss, it's all right. Coom on, miss.'

But I had halted by the sack. Something about it held

me. My head swam, my feet were like lead. Under the feeble circle of gas-light the shadows of the sacking suggested the huddled shape of a human form.

There came the tap of a stick down the entry facing us, and the curious halting gait of a lame man. An elderly man emerged into the circle of light, hatless, with thick grey hair, wearing an old military great-coat. One arm hung useless at his side. He pushed by my companion and faced me, standing between us as if at attention. The blue eyes in the worn face met mine squarely.

'Where do you want to go?' he said quietly.

'Orchard Street,' I said.

'Then you're going the wrong way. Turn round, and leave this passage. I'll follow you.'

From a sense of direction I knew he was wrong; from instinct I knew he was right. I was sick with fear, too sick to question. The screaming animal had torn at once the jovial mask from my former guide. His burly shadow loomed beyond me in the dark entry, and from that passage emanated the chilliest sense of horror I have ever felt. Simultaneously I felt that my feet were free. I turned and stumbled out down the first entry, followed by the tapping stick and halting step of the lame man. Out in the street I leant against a doorway.

'You'll feel all right in a minute,' he said kindly. 'Yon's an evil place on a night like this. Now we turn left, and come to the cemetery railings, and work along them.'

But I lingered. 'That sack!' I gasped.

'There was no sack,' he said, looking fairly at me.

'Yes, the sack, and the cat!'

'There was a cat, a poor, half-starved creature. It ran against me as I came in at the entry. But there was no sack. Don't worry yourself. There was no sack.'

I felt too weak to argue. We reached the cemetery railings in five minutes, and I knew my ground. My companion limped by my side, using his stick. I asked him diffidently if he had been in the War. He said Yes, he had lost his leg and the use of his arm at Ypres. We commented on the sale of poppies on Armistice Day, just over. He was pleased with the result.

'You're pretty sure of your way now, I take it, Miss —?'

'Clive,' I said. 'Yes, thanks to you. There is only one more turning, and I know it. And your name?'

'Gifford. Once Sergeant Gifford.' He saluted, and crossed the road.

I turned into the familiar street and, counting the garden gates, reached my own. I walked up the path, and for a moment lingered in the porch to see if there was a letter in the box. As I did so I heard the tap of a stick and a halting step pass my gate. Sergeant Gifford had followed me. Either he had mistaken his way, or he wished to see me safely home. I ran back to the gate to speak to him, but the fog had swallowed him up.

It lasted five days, and I was absorbed in the work of my office. It was some weeks before I visited that part of the town again. It chanced that I had an appointment near the cemetery, and I decided to walk back through Cockburn Street. Already workmen were busy pulling down this eyesore of a slum. There was nothing in Cockburn Street to justify its existence: the long rows of houses were the most hideous industrialism could produce.

I stopped opposite a dark doorway. It was evidently a through passage, for a policeman turned down it before me, carrying a parcel. I noted the name: Cripps Passage. I decided it would save me some minutes, and followed.

As I entered it a familiar smell of age, dirt, and decay exuded from the walls. In spite of the sunshine a sensation of fear shook me. I persevered, and came out in a little court, a single lamp-post in the centre. A police sergeant stood by the lamp, looking reflectively at the house opposite. He was stolid, kindly, and reassuring. I looked from him round the court, and knew it; it was the hideous courtyard of the fog.

'Good morning, sergeant,' I said. 'I suppose this will be coming down next?'

'Well, I suppose so,' he said.

'A good thing too. Nothing interesting or worth keeping.'

'Well, I wouldn't say that, miss,' he said slowly. 'It's of interest to the Force, you know. Come to think of it, that's partly why I turned in to have a look at it.'

'You don't say so. Why?'

'This house was Hawkscroft's house, the Cripps Yard murderer.'

Chill seized me. 'How long ago?'

'Oh, long before you were born, miss. Before I was, for that matter. No one's lived in the house for years.'

'He was a Yorkshireman?' I said unsteadily.

'He was. You know all about it, I see. Quite a lot of ladies read up these things nowadays, though I don't hold with it myself. He was a cheerful, jovial sort, from all accounts. No one suspected him, did they?'

'I don't know. Please go on.'

'Why, he started off by body-snatching. The cemetery, you see, miss, was near by and convenient. Then it got to murder. A fog gave him his first chance. But he was caught all right in the end.'

I was holding the lamp-post a little unsteadily.

'Sergeant,' I said, 'did you ever hear of a man called Gifford in these parts? Sergeant Gifford?'

'Why, yes, there was a sergeant of that name went over with us at the end of '14. Lost an arm and leg at Ypres. I heard he died of wounds, but there, I couldn't say. Wonderful what these surgeons can do. It's odd your asking me about him, for he was a native of this town, and I'm not. He'd often talk about it out there. A rare good sort. Little I thought then I'd end up here. But if he did return it's odd I haven't come across him. British Legion, and all. You're looking a bit all in, miss, if I may say so. I oughtn't to go on talking this way to you; but it's my job, this sort of thing, and interests me. I came back for something, too.'

He opened a shattered door, and stepped into an empty house. All the inhabitants of the court had been moved out to some new housing scheme. He came out, holding a sack. Something in the sack moved.

'It's a poor cat they left behind,' said the sergeant. 'I'm taking him down to the Shelter to have him put to sleep.'

'Tell them to keep him for a few days, sergeant. If he's anything like, I'll find him a home. Here's my card.'

'Very kind of you, miss, I'm sure.'

'Can you tell me where I can get a good cup of coffee?'

'I know just how you feel,' said the sergeant, 'and there's a lot of this influenza about. There's a good café across the street, to the left, miss.'

We stepped out of the entry into the sunshine, and he saluted and walked off.

A week later I visited the Shelter. The cat was the cat. He had already improved enormously, and was busy making a thorough toilet. He had earned a eulogy from the attendant for good behaviour and general propriety.

I gave him a home, and have never regretted it. He has

proved a faithful companion and a dignified friend. Moreover, we have a bond in common: we have both seen Hawkscroft, the Cripps Court murderer, and Sergeant Gifford.

The question arises, Was Sergeant Gifford also a ghost? I have advertised, and have had no answer. Were both ghosts, or were both men? Did the jovial Yorkshireman merely resemble Hawkscroft? I think not. Only my cat can answer. He maintains a dignified reserve.

I have questioned the errand-boy. He assures me that I was quite alone when he ran into me. He heard only my steps in the avenue. Except for me there was nothing but fog.

'A wicked fog,' he says.

THE OLD HALL.

BY JULIAN TENNYSON.

ROMANCE and strange legend are to be found on every page of Suffolk's history ; in fact, I dare swear that no other county has so much latent treasure as we. We have no British Village, no Maiden Castle, no Glastonbury, no Cathedral even—for the most part our show-pieces are in ruins. We prefer them that way. We resent the archæologist and the excavator, and there is something about us—the wild, untidy face of the land, perhaps, inhospitable to the stranger—that keeps at bay the hound with a hunger for knowledge, for we are jealous of our antiquity. Unexplored we are, and so we shall remain ; yet what a feast of secrets is spread before those who know us well !

Within a few miles of my home are a village under the sea (the fishermen say that the church bell still tolls a muffled watery Requiem for its own little community), a Saxon chapel in the marshes, two ruined abbeys, a druidical forest, and farther inland a castle, a moated fifteenth-century farm and two of the finest parish churches in the land. Beyond the borders of the county little is known of any of them ; while Bruisyard Old Hall has gained no fame whatsoever, which is why it is the subject of this article.

The very name Bruisyard has a ring of distinction. It is a village tucked in a hollow in the flat, desolate land, a handful of cottages straggling in disorderly line up from that vague stream which is called the river to the church, round-towered and tiny on the crest of the gradual rise. No prettiness, no uniformity, but an inward beauty distilled by the years.

The Old Hall itself lies near the church, at the end of a flat meadow just beyond the cross-roads, and the long fields of corn sloping steeply behind it make a perfect background for the square gables, the pale Tudor brick and the elegant chimneys. It has a welcoming air of warmth and gentleness which astonishes you in that wild country; you lean over the plain white gate and look at it down the long gravel drive, and the Old Hall stares back at you, solid and rambling, from the ring of oaks and elms that screen it on three sides. A magnificent house, you think; the Lord of the Manor lives in it, of course. But you are wrong; a farmer lives there, and he fights an uphill battle with the soggy, obstinate land. It was the same with the last one and it will be the same with the next. The Old Hall has never been a successful farm, as if it considered farming an insult to its dignity, and resented the snoring labourers in those fine spacious rooms which may once have been convent cells and are now used as dormitories.

The history of the Old Hall opens in 1354. In that year Maud de Lancaster, Countess of Ulster, removed her college of priests from the near-by village of Campsey Ash, where she had founded it eight years before, to an abbey which she built on the site of the Old Hall of to-day. One reason given for the change of scene was that the distance to the church in Campsey made too long a daily walk for the portly chaplains; another, much more romantic, that they would be better off '*ubi non est conversatio mulierum*,' as the distractions of Campsey included a convent.

Installed in their new dwelling, the priests said a daily Mass for the souls of Maud's former husbands, William de Burgh and Ralph de Ufford. The college was rich in land; it had seven messuages, one mill, 60 acres of meadow, 10 of pasture and 20 of wood; the priests were given a

common Refectory, Dormitory and Chapel, besides a chest for their funds and plate. Apparently they were still considered capable of misdeeds, for the three keys to the chest, differently made, were kept by the Principal and two trusted members of the college.

Ten years later the priests cut loose once more. It seems impossible that in such a deserted spot as Bruisyard the influence of 'mulierum' could again have been the cause, but 'owing to certain complaints' Maud turned them out and made over the college to an abbess and sisters of St. Clare. This was done at the instance of the great Lionel, Duke of Clarence (the third son of Edward III, who had married Maud's daughter, Elizabeth), and with the King's consent; and Maud herself, who up to this time and since the death of her second husband had been a nun in the order of St. Austin (Augustine), now entered by special permission the Order of St. Clare.

The nuns or 'nuns minoresses' of St. Clare had only three convents in the whole of England, the principal one standing in the City of London where the 'Minories' are to-day.

In Bruisyard the nuns maintained a high standard of morality and flourished for the best part of two centuries. They were so well behaved that in 1366 they were allowed to take in one Sir Nicholas Gernoun, a harmless and infirm old knight with property in distant Drogheda, who eked out his old age under their care; in 1386 they appropriated the church, the manor and the advowson; and their estates grew until they absorbed lands beyond the confines of their own parish.

So they continued in ease and opulence until the minions of Henry descended to shatter their tranquillity; on that dark day the terrified nuns shrank back into their cells as

the abbess, keys jingling menacingly, followed the rough Suffolk Commissioners into every hole and corner when they came to make their inventory. The objects that the men picked out included a table of alabaster, two great candlesticks of latten, 'a payor of littel orgaynes very olde,' and an assortment of church plate. They valued the collection at £40 13s. 4d.

The abbess made a last bid for freedom; she drained the coffers of the convent with a payment of £60 as the price of continuance, and the nuns walked fearlessly once more. But not for long. In 1539 the King's henchmen paid another call, and now there was nothing with which to hold them off; the abbess and her nuns were bundled out unceremoniously into the wild country, and Henry presented their cherished abbey to Nicholas Hare, a member of the famous East Anglian family and one of the commission appointed to collect all the church plate remaining in the land, 'because the King hath need presently of a masse of monney.' Paying a rent of £6 4s. 1d. per annum, his family owned the place until 1611, when it passed to the family of the Earl of Stradbroke, in whose possession it still remains.

Nicholas it was who pulled down the abbey and erected in its place the Old Hall as it stands to-day; some of the convent stone he used to good purpose by building a small chantry chapel (now a vestry) in the little church, and three fine brasses there commemorate him and his family. Certainly he did his work well when he set his hand to the Old Hall: after four centuries not a brick is displaced, not a chimney fallen. The Hall is as massive and imposing as ever.

Pick your way round the house, through the garden and the farmyard, and you will see many traces of Maud's original convent—two stone arches, blocked up, in the north wall,

which may have been doorways to the chapel ; patches of stone and solid buttresses in the brick walls ; the moat on three sides of the house, and inside it, round the edge of the orchard, the foundations of the convent wall, which must have been at least three feet thick.

Somewhere in the orchard or the yard, trampled and mired by the farmer's cattle, must be the nuns' graveyard, where it is believed that Elizabeth, first wife of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and daughter-in-law of Edward III, lies buried. Beyond the orchard is the fishpond, now much grown over with weeds, but liable in a wet winter to overflow and forcibly remind the farmer of its former status.

The rooms of the Hall (one of them is a priest's chamber containing a carved stone fireplace) are wide and high, with enormous oak beams. Maybe they are the nuns' cells, but this cannot be verified without excavating the walls. The corridors are long and finely timbered, and marks of the adze are to be seen on the floors and balusters ; many of the timbers themselves are tapered and bevelled. All over the house are chambers under the floors, hiding-places capable of holding a dozen men. Put your nose into one of these and the stench of rats will send you back in a hurry.

Clearly seen from the road is the magnificent three-storied porch, topped by a crow-stepped gable ; inside it the third storey is entirely filled by a huge clock, which has no face, the hours and minutes being marked on the wheels. By devious processes the mechanism causes a bell on the roof to strike the hour, and the sundial by which the clock was set is still fixed high up on the porch.

There are two spreading dark patches on the floor of the room behind the clock-tower ; blood-stains, says the tap-room of the 'Frog and Tadpole,' the relics of a fierce and fatal duel of long ago. The clock itself ticks loudly and

cerily, and the villagers like it not when nights are dark and blustering ; some hear in its creaking the clank of chains, others the slow heart-beats of the dying duellist, and they have woven around the Old Hall fantastic tales which will be handed down in Bruisyard for centuries to come.

CLOISTER REVERIE.

*The men who wrought this fluted span,
Who set these panes ablaze with fire,
Who ranged each noble plinth to plan
And Hope transfigured in a spire—
Oh ! were they men as men are now,
Instinct with every fierce desire,
And herein did they sometimes bow
To private gods of greed and ire ?*

*Or, haply—with the last shell spent,
The last incendiary bomb—might we
For other ages' wonderment
Bequeath as fair a legacy,
Like these proud arches to outstay
The piteous errors of a day ?*

MARGUERITE JOHANSEN.

'THOU WORM, JACOB.'

BY ROBERT VERRIER.

I WAS planning a walking tour and I went to my father for advice. He knew the odd corners of New Zealand better than any of the younger generation that keeps to motor-cars and the main roads.

'That's where you want to go,' he said, putting his finger on a part of my map where the surveyor had obviously drawn upon his imagination. 'It's some of the roughest country in New Zealand, just a jumble of hills, as if they'd been emptied out of a sack. That'll test your legs, if that's what you want.'

'It's worth exploring?'

'Yes,' he said. 'It's beautiful, and the longer I live, Jack, the more I see that's the only worthwhile reason for visiting a place.'

'It's a good reason,' I admitted. 'Are there any tracks there? Any settlers?'

'One track and one settler when I was there. It's not likely there'll be any more now. It wouldn't be worth anyone's while to burn the bush off those hills. Have you got a pencil? Look, there's a little stream runs into this bay. The coastline is accurate enough. The Arowhana, its name is. It's only about three miles long, but the prettiest, most fertile valley in New Zealand, flat as your hand from the banks of the stream to the hills. It must have been an arm of the sea at one time, and even now it's only a great bank of sand and shingle that keeps the sea back. The Arowhana forms a little lake that filters away

through the bank. There's a drover's track in over the hills from Monkstown, runs something like this. Jacob Brock and I cut it through the bush.' He stopped and looked at me as though in doubt, then he went on. 'Yes, I'll tell you a bit about my past you've never heard before. Jacob and I farmed the Arowhana together until we quarrelled. That must be forty years ago. I cleared out, I remember, after a terrible row, the night of the storm. It was on my conscience for years. I had the money I owed him in my pocket, but I was glad to get away. I was no farmer . . .' He stopped suddenly and I turned to the map. My father's youth was his own concern.

'Shall I go and see him?' I asked.

'Yes, do. See what he's made of the valley. He was a born farmer. I only wish I could come with you. After all, I didn't cheat him. He got the land.'

The next day, as I was setting off with my pack on my back, my father said to me, 'Better not say you're my son, Jack. He hated me, I think.'

'But that was forty years ago.'

'Oh, forty years is nothing in Arowhana valley. So little happens. Here, it's different. I had forgotten all about it till I saw your map yesterday. By the way, he's a very religious man, pre-Darwin. Good-bye and pleasant journey.'

I found the valley but, whatever it had been in my father's time, it was no longer beautiful. The Arowhana gushed strongly from the base of a limestone cliff, but it flowed for barely a mile through a wilderness of manuka bushes and gorse into a desolate sea-marsh choked with rushes. Dead grey trees still stood here and there. Half-way down the valley was a rotting wooden house in the middle of a choked garden.

I hurried on towards the sea, hating this desolation where I had expected to find beauty, and then, on rounding a bluff, I found a garden. I stared, not at its loveliness, for it was only a well-kept vegetable garden, but at a clipped bank of turf behind it. There, traced out in whitewashed stones against the emerald green, were the words in huge capitals, 'THOU WORM, JACOB.'

I laughed and was immediately ashamed before such an open advertisement of stark spiritual conflict. The stones had been there for years. The fat spongy turf curved over and held them as neatly as a gold setting holds a diamond. In the light of the sun, whose evening beams had gathered a glare from the sea, they shone with something of the white glitter of the diamond. They were bold and merciless, and yet were beautiful. 'THOU WORM, JACOB.' The memento had the brutal directness of an earlier age. It was the voice of a prophet putting man in his place in the scale of the universe.

'Jacob is alive then,' I said to myself. 'I must find this worm Jacob.'

Jacob was round the next bend of the valley. He was sitting peeling potatoes on the grass in front of his cottage, which was perched up on a green shelf facing seaward. Near by an iron pot simmered on a rough stone fireplace.

'Good evening,' I said.

'Evening, brother,' he greeted me, humbly enough, though his hard blue eyes gave me an arrogant stare.

I slung off my pack and stretched myself on the turf beside him. He did not look round at me, and I could see his face in profile, a low straight, frowning brow beneath a thick grey thatch, fleshy bulbous nose, coarse beard standing out from his chest so far that I could clearly see the hillside beyond as through a tunnel.

'Jacob is not crushed yet,' I thought, and I said aloud, 'You have a beautiful view of the coast from here.'

'Ay. It's the Almighty's.' Then he challenged me with the question: 'Do you know anything of the Almighty's that is not beautiful?'

I was taken aback. It was a long time since, out in the world, I had heard such a question so confidently proposed.

I nodded towards the valley. 'That valley,' I said maliciously. 'It stinks.' He turned his face to me for the first time. 'A beard is not fair,' I thought. 'He is in ambush. It's as bad as dark spectacles,' for his eyes told me nothing. They might have been blue beads.

To my surprise he made no attempt to defend the Almighty. 'What might your name be?' he asked.

'Purdy,' I replied. 'John Purdy.' Remembering my father's advice, I gave him my mother's surname.

'H'm,' he said after a long pause. 'You're mighty like someone I used to know.' My mind was idling after a seagull in flight. 'He's dead.'

I sat up. 'Dead? Who is dead?'

'The man you remind me of. Tim Carden, his name was. Dead these forty years.' He dug his knife into the turf at his side. 'I'll put a case to you. Suppose a man had done a great wrong to another man, had even taken his land, and the Almighty had punished him for it. Is it right that the man he's done the wrong to should haunt him all the days of his life?'

'But . . .' I began.

'I did not kill him.'

'But . . .' I tried again to enlighten him.

'Punishment should quit a man of his sin, I reckon. That's justice.'

'Very well,' I was thinking. 'If he won't let me tell him, he won't. I doubt if he'd believe me anyway.'

'Every night he comes to remind me of what I did.' He leaned towards me. 'And mind you, by man's law I had done no wrong.' Then he burst out passionately, 'There is another law. "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark."'

I was afraid of his passion. I stood up.

'Where are you going?' He asked, suddenly quiet.

'I must find a place to camp before dark.'

'You can stay with me if you like.' He drew his knife from the turf and, wiping it on his trouser leg, began to slice the potatoes into the pot. 'There's enough here for two and you can sleep in the house there. It's a stew.'

He stirred it with the knife, raising an appetising steam.

'Thank you. I'll stay,' I said, sitting down again. 'Perhaps Carden will keep away if I do.'

'Perhaps,' he repeated, glancing sideways at me. Suddenly he faced me. 'There's no "perhaps" about it, Tim Carden.' He gripped my wrist. 'You shan't go this time before you've heard my side. For forty years you've haunted me and never would you listen to me, but now I've got you I will not let you go until you have heard me.'

'You fool,' I cried. 'I am no ghost. You are gripping my wrist. It is flesh and blood.'

'Jacob wrestled with an angel. I will not let you go.'

He was mad. His brooding hermit life had made him mad. I tried to trick him back to sanity. 'The stew is burning,' I said.

'Let it burn. Why did you try to cheat me, Tim? I knew you at once, the minute I set eyes on you. You remember when we found this valley. . . .'

I tugged at my wrist. 'Let go my wrist,' I shouted.

'I remember nothing. I am not Tim Carden. I am his son.'

His grip tightened. His little blue beadlike eyes glittered with anger and his beard around his lips glistened with spittle. I stared at him, too fascinated to be afraid. I watched his speechless passion at my denial blaze and die down fitfully, and with the cunning that succeeded it he found speech.

'So you are Tim Carden's son, eh? John Purdy! Then, of course, you know nothing.' He lumbered to his feet, pulling me up with him. 'I'll show you something.' He paused at the foot of the steps up to the open doorway of the house. 'Of course,' he said with laboured sarcasm, 'you remember nothing of this. You are John Purdy, son of Tim Carden, dead these forty years.'

We passed up the steps. Coming out of a glaring sunlight, I could see only dimly in a shuttered room a few scattered bits of furniture. Then suddenly there leapt out from the wall beyond the words of the garden, 'THOU WORM, JACOB,' and below them, 'Isaiah 41, 14.' The letters had been roughly splashed on with red roof paint. They were drunkenly askew. Capitals were mixed with small letters. Lines of paint had run down the wall, ending in little blobs. The words stood out like fire.

I heard the old man say, 'Wasn't that revenge enough, Tim Carden, without haunting me as you do?'

So this was my father's doing. 'And the stones in the turf?'

'I set them there. I rubbed salt into my wounds.'

'But what does it mean? Remember, I am not Tim Carden.'

I felt his hand, which had loosened, close convulsively on my wrist. 'I forgot,' he said.

We went out into the last sunshine to the edge of the shelf. The sea was of blinding silver and I turned my eyes with relief inland to the dreary shadowed valley. 'See how the Lord punished me the night Tim Carden died,' cried a voice at my side. He was mourning over his lost land. His voice was as desolate as the cry of a curlew over marsh-land.

At the edge of the shelf he pulled me down. 'Of course, you are not Tim Carden,' he said. 'You know nothing. I will tell you. Tim Carden and I found this valley. There was a great barrier of sand and shingle that kept the sea back, and through it the stream soaked away. We worked together for a time, clearing the valley bottom, cutting a track through the bush over the hills to the outside world, ploughing and putting the land down to pasture. Then Tim said to me one day, "Jacob, this life's too lonely for me. I'm going to marry and get children. There's no sense for you either in working like this with no one to carry on when you're dead. It's best we should both of us marry."'

'I saw he was right. "Then we'll divide the valley," I said. "We'll draw lots."'

'Tim won the seaward end which was the better land by far, fattening land with a salt bite. We neither of us had any particular woman in mind, but we knew that, if we had something to offer, we'd soon find them. We set about building. That's Tim's house behind us; mine, or what's left of it, is up the valley a bit. We'd no sooner finished than we quarrelled.' He pressed my wrist. 'I admit I was in the wrong, Tim,' he said.

I turned to him. His blue eyes were darkening to black in the quickly fading light. 'I am not Tim Carden,' I said emphatically.

'No. Well, I was in the wrong, I admit it. It was such a year as had never been known, a warm dry summer that seemed never-ending. It went on into the autumn and early winter, clear mild days and warm nights. One day I said to Tim, "It is the end of the world. It says in the Old Book, 'In those days ye shall not know summer from winter except by the fall of the leaf.'" Tim laughed at me. "That's not from the Book," he said. "I'll show you," I said. "You can't," said Tim. "It's not there. I don't know where it comes from, but you won't find it in the Book."

'You quarrelled about that?' I asked incredulously.

'He should not have laughed at me,' he cried passionately. 'He knew I was a religious man. Even if it wasn't in the Book he shouldn't have laughed. And he did worse than laugh. He set out to prove me a fool.'

'How could he do that?' I asked ironically.

'He wrote to a parson. He had no right to go so far.'

'He could have left you self-satisfied,' I said.

'Yes, and why not? Why should he go out of his way to prove me wrong? He brought the parson's letter to show me. It said, "The words are not from the Bible. They form one of the predictions of Mother Shipton, a Yorkshire prophetess of the fifteenth century."'

It was dark and he was only a shadow at my side, but I could tell from his voice that he was as young as I and living again through his humiliation.

'You did not believe it,' I said.

'No,' he cried, 'and I do not believe it yet. I will find it.'

I heard from his direction a sound that I recognised. He had struck with his open hand a book in his pocket. 'He has a Bible there,' I thought.

'It is there. I will find it yet,' he cried again. 'I will search the Scriptures. I got the words from my father and he said they were from the Book.' But I heard beneath his words that he knew they were not there.

'You hated Tim Carden then,' I said, to bring him back to his story.

'Yes, I hated him. He was no farmer. There was too much of the city in him. He was too quick. I was a farmer by nature. I lived slowly from year to year.'

'He was a hunter,' I said. 'You robbed him of his birthright, Jacob.'

'I took lawfully what was his. He had mortgaged his land and stock, and I bought the mortgage. I went to him one night. "Is it the end of the world, Jacob?" he asked, for the weather had broken suddenly that day and there was a great gale blowing. "It is the end of you here, Tim Carden," I said. "You owe me two hundred pounds and I want the money." I showed him the papers. "You haven't paid the interest, and you can't pay. The land isn't yours, the stock isn't yours. This house isn't yours. You can pack up and go."'

'He saw that I was in earnest and he could not say a word, his mind was so divided against itself. Then he did a thing so cruel that I reckon we were quits. There was a pot of red paint in a corner of the room. He took it up and, on the wall, he splashed up the words, "THOU WORM, JACOB. Isaiah." Then he turned to me. "There's a bit of true Scripture for you, Jacob." He was shouting against the storm. "That's not from Mother Shipton." He turned to the wall again and splashed up the figures, "41, 14." "There," he shouted. "No need to search for that. I'm giving you chapter and verse."'

Jacob fell silent. My mind was wandering to the time-

less beauty of the moonlit world when, suddenly, he claimed me again. 'The dyke was down,' he exclaimed.

'The dyke?' I questioned.

'The storm! We did not know. While we were quarrelling there God had taken a hand.'

'God,' I said stupidly, bewildered by the beauty of the night.

'The storm had broken down the dyke. The sea had flooded the valley. It was a just punishment. I had plotted against my friend to steal his land. Tim never knew of the flood.'

'That is true,' I said. 'How was that?'

'He died.'

'Did you kill him?' I wondered how deep his delusion went.

'No,' he said. 'I could have killed him when he put that text on the wall. I did not. I went out into the storm and found my valley flooded. I ran back and he was gone.'

'Gone!' I exclaimed. 'Then you do not know that he is dead.'

'He haunts me, I tell you. How could he do that if he was not dead? He died that night.' He turned to me. 'Tim,' he said, 'leave me alone. I said I would make you hear me. You must see that all the blame was not mine.'

What could I do? It was impossible to convince the old man that I was his friend's son. I was a ghost and I saw that, to give him peace, I must humour him.

'You have never looked up that text?' I asked.

'No,' he said. 'I dared not.'

'You must do so. It reads, I think, "Fear not, thou worm, Jacob, for I will help thee."' He had released my wrist. 'Good-bye, Jacob,' I said. 'This is the last time I shall haunt you,' and I took up my pack and walked away.

New Zealand.

PERSONALITY.

BY C. E. LAWRENCE.

"My good friend," quoth I, "as sure as I am I and you are you." "And who are you?" said he. "Don't puzzle me," said I. That, from *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, puts the truth of human Personality into a dialectical nutshell. Personality! It is actual. Although in all probability never perfectly known, it is not unknowable; while it changes for good or bad, in weakness or strength, with personal growth. It is, in truth, as familiar to us as breathing, and as close to ourselves as we are—an absolute intimacy here and now expressed in this pleasing, anxious being; though apparently it is also as evasive as a flickering sunbeam to those who would grasp its reality.

More than merely human, it is as varied in expression as there are sentient creatures on the Earth; cats, dogs, horses and, it may be (who knows otherwise?), that worms possess it; while many people of imaginative heart have thought that even houses, ships and machines have self-consciousness, an individuality of their own. There was, as Rudyard Kipling knew, a Ship that found herself; while anyone who has had long use, even of a pedal-bicycle, can feel that sometimes a machine thinks and acts for itself. Probably a tombstone is the only expressive thing that is devoid of personality. It tells—if it tell anything—only of perfections, such as no man dead or living ever has possessed.

I recall the hour when I discovered myself to be Ego, having a will and personality of my own. Of a sudden it came to me. It must have been when I was twelve or

thirteen, and hurrying along a commonplace street in an unimaginative London suburb when, as in a flash, I was aware that I had an identity, particular and peculiar to myself, definite, different and apart from that of any of my fellows in the boarding-school that was then my lot.

The discovery of that self-independence and self-definition gave me a new sense of responsibility and wonder ; though what the true value of that impression could have been it is impossible now to say, but something more than modesty suggests it was not much. Since that ignorant young day I have come (with others) to believe that Personality is the most actual part of a sentient being, and probably the very reality of that soul whose health and saving have been a main preoccupation of conscientious Christians throughout the centuries.

How far it is heritable is uncertain, for every individuality necessarily has numberless facets, mostly immeasurable and, it must be, generally indeterminate ; though some, as with facial resemblance which, of course, is an important detail of any personality, are easily appreciable. But only in a superficial manner can even that be so. For years ago I knew twins, John and William. To the first appearance they were as alike as the proverbial peas, and confusion was caused frequently as to who of them was which. In the words of the old song,

*In face and features, form and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folk kept taking me for him
And each one for the other.
It puzzled all our kith and kin
It was an awful fix—*

the rest of the stanza evades me, except that somehow monstrously the last word rhyming with ' fix ' seems to have

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been 'which,' and as our neglected old mentor, Euclid, at the end of certain of his propositions, was apt to say—'which is absurd.'

To revert to our twins. After a while I was able to distinguish the one from the other, but only through the circumstance that William had a mole underneath, while John had one like it to the right of, the dexter eye. When months had passed, however, and the brothers were familiarly known, their facial similarities seemed to have gone, as their dispositions were so unlike. John was selfish and assertive; William generous and, without weakness, glad to yield to the convenience of others, and their expressions told the truth of them; so that one came to wonder how their identities had ever been confused.

Personality, of course, in some respects is heritable; and also is affected by the environment from birth onward and indirectly even before birth. When the crusted son of a long uninterrupted line of lawyers produces a descendant to carry on the family profession and its traditions, almost as sure as eggs are believed to be eggs that son will become the spit of his sire. Heredity and environment and the daily practice, in his case, combine to preserve those similarities in appearance and texture of thought that preserve the family likeness, habits of mind and prejudices. Such an example, however, is exceptional, though among the old families that for generations have carried on, as counsel or solicitors, the conservative profession of the Law it must be more frequent than elsewhere; while in dynasties that through close inter-marriage have kept their blood even unwisely constant, characteristics are apt so to develop that in time we come to recognise a Bourbon lip or Habsburg chin in descendants far down the line from him or her with whom those exaggerations began. Such features, however, are only a minor

part of a personality, and as was seen in the case of our John and William, even a very close facial resemblance, to the first sight, may dissolve before familiar acquaintance and the influence of a positive inward spirit.

The force or appeal of a personality must depend on its whole with special characteristics dominating ; but any such completeness is bound to be so complex, with its fluctuating wilfulness, affectations, and emotions, that it is impossible ever to be certain over it. One may leap, grasp and hold what on contemplation seems to have been only the apparent contradiction of a shadow. Yet out of it does come some expression of the reality within us, and of us, that is us ; of the existence of which there appears to be no doubt in spite of some associated uncertainties.

This truth may best be seen in the creatures of imaginative literature. How clear to us the best of them are with their faults, humours, passions and strengths—Don Quixote, Mr. Pickwick, Sir Roger de Coverley, Mistress Quickly, Robinson Crusoe, Falstaff, Toby Shandy, Beatrice, the Vicar of Wakefield—every one of them through the genius of their creators being more actual to the thought and mental vision than persons we have known in familiar flesh, as, let us say, the man in the flat next door or even our own shy maiden-aunt.

And all things differ from all things else. The easy saying that there are not two persons, or even two peas, alike in the world, is a truth ; and not because of the quibble—the only touch of humour in the cocksure science of Logic—that they have a difference because of their dissimilar surroundings.

Take the minutest blob of animal matter, as it seems : a certain kind of marine shell, so small that to the naked eye it is a speck. Examine it through a microscope and the

simplicity may be resolved into complexity, and under the magnification designs, symmetrical, elaborate and beautiful, be revealed, to make the observer wonder why such miracle was hidden in minuteness. So also, with personality. The reality of every man, woman and child, nay, of every living creature, is comprised of simplicities, commingled, that turn out after consideration to be complexities as mysterious and mystical as that of the shell. Yet out of the fullness of those infinite details, actions and reactions, something is to be discovered or made ; and so we come to judging our fellows, estimating their characters for what they seem worth, and—doubtless with more sympathy, though it may be with even less knowledge—to judging ourselves.

It is easy from the slant of the nose, the light of the eyes, the firmness of a jaw, the delicate indifference of a chin, to generalise over individuals who are only casually known. But there is other evidence also, though it is less secure.

*I do not like you, Dr. Fell !
The reason why I cannot tell—
But I do not like you, Dr. Fell !—*

representing an instinct the opposite, let us say, to that of falling in love at first sight.

For more than outward aspects are required. Charm also has its part in a personality, and is too elusive to be photographed. Indeed, the camera with its bare truthfulness cannot tell all the truth. It may do justice to regularity of features, reproducing the externals faithfully ; but it can hardly catch the expression, the delicacy, the shine and shadow of thought in a face, and reveals, therefore, less than half the story, of which the better half was illustrated by Matthew Royden in a stanza of tribute to Sir Philip Sidney's personal charm :

*A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks.
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books ;
I trow that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible to the eye.*

There is a theory of the human aura, a spiritual envelope to every corpus, that expresses the moral quality of the humanity it encloses, and it may be through some such ethereal agency and super-delicate contact that we come to 'sense,' as it were, and to like or dislike Dr. Fell, his wife and the little Fells. That, however, is only to the point so far as the aura—if there be such a condition—does represent a personality, as well may be ; for with second-sight, hypnotism, and water divination, to which some or many of us are insensitive, there must be billions on billions of things in existence of which we are not aware, and that probably will have remained hidden from human intelligence when this warm Earth has fallen, to be merely a husk with its energies and madness spent.

Similarly, in this search for the realities of Personality we may recognise that in ourselves there is more than ourselves, or rather that every self is the ultimate and complicate expression of innumerable other selves. Lafcadio Hearn has put this truth so well that I will quote him. 'For what is our individuality?' he asks. 'Most certainly it is not individuality at all ; it is multiplicity incalculable. What is the human body? A form built up out of billions of living entities, an impermanent agglomeration of individuals called cells. And the human soul? A composite of quintillions of souls. We are, each and all, infinite compounds of fragments of anterior lives.'

Rider Haggard also put something of that thought in

another way. 'I am strongly inclined to believe that the Personality which animates each of us is immeasurably ancient, having been forged in many fires, and that, as its past is immeasurable, so will its future be'; while Æ, the Irish poet who is second to none of the verse-builders of Eire, added his authority to that idea when he declared that 'All thoughts are throngs of living souls.'

Maeterlinck illustrated that circumstance or probability—picturesquely rather than convincingly—in his play, 'The Betrothal,' when Tyltyl of 'The Blue Bird,' conveyed to the Abode of the Ancestors, meets his forbears in a temporary renewal of life. They were a diverse lot: a citizen, a prisoner in chains, a rich man, four or five beggars, a diseased man, a drunkard, a savage brandishing a blood-stained knife, one or two Gallo-Romans, men of the Stone Age, and a tall peasant who was the 'great ancestor.' From him the enduring vitality, physical, mental and spiritual, of the Family or Clan had come.

And not only those contributors to Personality, Maeterlinck tells us, but 'Everything that you see—this square, that prison, the church, those houses'—wherein the ancestors severally had dwelt—'we who live in them—all this is really only inside yourself . . . People rarely see it, they don't even suspect it, but it's true.' No wonder then, if such a generalisation can be taken as even imaginatively true, that personalities are dual, and more than dual, and that we are contradictory creatures, especially within ourselves; for who is to know at any critical moment, when a moral decision must be made, whether the savage or the saint in us will be in the ascendant?

Though never surely can those opposite extremes be so clear-cut in their difference as that image suggests. For one person to be at times distinctively Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde

—all good and white, or all evil and black—is to be over-absolute. Rather would they be blended together and so the one from the other inextricable, as Cerberus was to Mrs. Malaprop—‘three gentlemen at once.’

Yet the manifold influences, sympathies and contradictions, buried within each of us, the capacities for greatness and meanness, the vices, vanities, greeds, whims, hopes and powers for moral sacrifice derived from countless ancestors and latent within every one of us, are bound to affect our characters and outward aspects; while the coherence of a personality must be the more complete through those many contributory diversities. This truth, also, is clear that far more than the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

Personality implies style, an individual style, through which the general characteristics of a person and that which gives the salt and savour to his work may be discerned. ‘Le style, c’est l’homme même!’ This over-quoted truth is best illustrated from the creations of genius, which being the results of exceptional gifts are apt to be exceptionally distinguishable. To take a frank and easy example. For years a notorious discussion raged over the alleged authorship by Francis Bacon of the Shakespearean plays. Absurd as it was, it roused storms of small excitement in many places, divided families, made battle-grounds of drawing-rooms, caused eccentrics to grow prophetic and inventiveness to riot—alas! sometimes beyond the limits of mental security; while history was ransacked for clues, and cryptograms, impossible always to the orthodox and over the rightness of which no two Baconians ever could agree, were elaborated in super-ponderous volumes. It was a form of midsummer madness that went noisily on through many midwinters also; yet the application of a simple test might have resolved it promptly.

It is to examine the particular styles, the personalities, of the two men, as revealed in their writings ; to read the prose of Bacon and afterwards that of Shakespeare, to examine the verse of my Lord St. Albans and then the poetry of ' the Stratfordian ' ; and the only sensible result of the process is to endorse the conclusion of James Spedding, Bacon's biographer, who knew his mind and writings better than any one else, that whoever wrote those plays it was not Francis Bacon. The evidence and contrast of their styles reveal Shakespeare as abundantly imaginative and humorous, though possibly in his prose at times a little too compact and complicate because of the eager flow and rush of his manifold ideas, but when emotion was called-for he was exalted, as also he could be in vision and thought. But while his temperament was keenly sensitive to impressions the great Lord Chancellor, finished and graceful writer though he was, as well as brilliant lawyer and pioneer of modern science, regarded ' exactness ' as the most desired quality in the wording of thought, and took care to be free from emotional or highly imaginative flights.

It is a curious coincidence that shortly after writing that I came to a passage in Dr. G. B. Harrison's *Last Elizabethan Journal* which shows that Bacon himself tested authorship by the style. Queen Elizabeth had questioned certain writings that smelt to her treasonable, and was minded to put their author to the rack. Bacon, however, pleaded against such a method of seeking the truth. ' Let him have pen, ink and paper and help of books,' he said, ' and be conjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake by collating the styles to judge whether he were the author or not.'

In the Drama or, more accurately, alas ! the commercialised, shrunken Theatre of to-day, a personality, as it

is there called, but rather its outer appearance, is apt sometimes to be forced at the expense of art, more being asked from it than should be given. Many a good actor who could play anything, even the leg of a table, as the phrase goes, and show a versatility equal to the demands of a Romeo or a Tony Lumpkin, or of most other parts calling for discernment and distinction of identity, is expected on the stage to be merely himself. Not Hamlet but Mr. Blank's Hamlet is the thing; and under such conditions a personality tends to grow stereotyped, so that ere long it must cease to be a personality.

The opposite tendency was seen in the Army, at least in the old days when our wars generally were 'muddled through' and the common soldier was taken to be mere 'human material,' food for powder, cannon-fodder, an automaton—his not to reason why, his but to do and die—with the consequence that those in command of him also grew to a dull pattern, and no one was permitted to think for himself. It was stupid and costly, for it tended to strew the battlefields of the modern world with the victims of martial thick-headedness. And the fault was visible elsewhere than in the Army. Often in that tired Victorian day one heard some hopeful youth in almost any of life's activities being rebuked for showing a promising independence of spirit. 'It's not for you to think,' brayed Long-ears, in his superiority of seniority, 'I'll do the thinking!' As, of course, he did, or didn't, and more often than not with disastrous results. Also, it is not quite possible to believe that such goosery or ganderiness is unlikely to recur, for it is a result of square pegs being put into round holes, and while there is favouritism in the world that folly will continue and its results be as they will be.

Further, aspects of a personality seem to be catching. One

sometimes meets husbands and wives whose resemblance to each other has become striking, although before their harmonious united life brought them to similarities of manner, thought, expression and speech, they had been not at all alike. Frequently also a man's personality is reflected in the dogs he keeps. Bill Sikes's famous cur was very like his master, as surely also was the hound of Gelert; and that is why some dogs are cads—most of them being born snobs—while those that are well-bred and are set a good example to by their masters, are gentlemen.

As for that superior person, the cat, her characteristics—one instinctively applies the feminine pronoun to any odd representative of the nine-times deathless tribe—are too sensitively reserved to make her the reflex of any mere woman or man. She keeps to herself. Let us, however, not be enticed into discussing her, as there might be no end to it; for she can be as alluring as Cleopatra, and when you think you know her, shows herself as infinite and baffling in her charmed variety as was that royal and ruinous Egyptian hussy. Sufficient to these pages is the example of *homo sapiens*—but how blatantly there the adjective flatters! Say the word in the presence of your favourite cat, philosophically observant in your own arm-chair, of which she knows she has deprived you, and notice how pointedly she expresses the indifference that is the mother of contempt!

Before completing this brief investigation into some of the truths of Personality it may be well again to emphasise the uncertainties abounding. Take the instance of Socrates. From all accounts and such busts and posthumous portraits as there are, his appearance was boorish, ungainly, ugly, almost repulsive; yet that vulgar countenance and coarse exterior enclosed a personality of such greatness and sweetness (as all but the few unorthodox believe) that in wise

humanity he outsoared not only other philosophers but most of mankind.

We find ourselves at the other extreme with Judge Jeffreys, whose name through his record of cruelty has become a byword of infamy. Yet his portrait by an unknown painter in the British National Portrait Gallery gives him a presence so cultured and gentle that the late H. B. Irving was induced by it to study his career afresh in order to disprove the evil reputation that his appearance denied. The investigation, which I understand was not too thorough, did not deprive Jeffreys of his bad eminence; but the circumstance goes to show that in the study of a subject as evasive as this it is folly ever to be over-confident.

Every one probably can illustrate the ease with which personal values change for a time under certain contacts; some individuals being weak, with others through intensity able to dominate. I remember on one occasion my strength and personality, as it seemed, being sapped from me through the assertiveness of a visitor, with whom I had to talk. As, with his black eyes fixed on mine, he poured out his insistent demands on my favours or services, I felt that I was losing the freshness and freedom of body and brain. They were being drawn from me and absorbed by him, so that soon I was exhausted and had summarily to end the interview. I feel sure that his sapping of my strength was wilful, vampirical. But that is to touch on questions that only distantly come within the regions of this enquiry. It belongs to mystery and magic, to darkness and wizardry, and, it may be, is Satanic.

It is enough here to glance at the amusing tendency some people have of modifying unconsciously their speech and ways under the direct influence of another. Shyness, want of self-reliance and the wish to please sometimes have devas-

tating effects ; and the mildest of men may then appear handgog or blatant. The process of listening to one speaking with an affected voice is apt to make the auditor similarly affected ; just as, when in Paris years ago, I found myself in the uncertainties of my French talking broken English after the fashion of my foreign companion. Trifles—but they illustrate ways in which a personality may appear for a time different from itself. But the effect, of course, is only brief. However easily subject a man may be to the influence of another, he yet is bound also to be steadfast to the reality within himself. The effects of inherited generations are not to be dispelled because his Grace was most gracious and under the spell of his charm Mr. X. found himself agreeing to otherwise unacceptable sentiments, and even toadying to the Duke—as franker spirits might declare. For later, when restored to his ordinary circumstances, the weakest man gets back to his own bedrock, which happens to be the fortitude inherited from and comprised of the strengths of the wild men and women, heroes and pleasant citizens of all sorts of goodness, badness, sanity and madness, who were his forebears. Family and race will out and Personality is its ultimate expression.

Occasionally such unity in likeness seems excessive and it takes some time, as a rule, for Europeans to distinguish one Chinaman from another, or even from a Japanese. Yet how annoyed those Orientals might be—without showing it, for they wear invisible though impenetrable veils—over such confusion ; as, of course, their separate individualities are as marked by nature as any others. I remember Dr. Joseph Parker of the City Temple in a sermon pointing out the truth that although a Patagonian herdsman was unable to count more than ten, he could check his full tale of beasts and know if any one was absent, because, alike to each

other as sheep or cattle may seem to us, he recognised every one of them as an individual and knew at once if any 'old friend' was missing.

As to coming to conclusions over our frequently evasive enquiry, this at least is sure. Personality is actual; and for it to be crooked, warped or crushed must denote suffering somewhere in the past. A person who glows and thereby reveals an inward happiness is a witness to health, kindness and sympathy in most of his forebears; and while the child is truly the father to the man, even more so is he the finished expression, physical and spiritual, of his fathers' fathers.

It all seems highly involved, but yet is essentially simple, and so full of byways and tangents, admitting new possibilities and wonders into its infinitude of deathless insubstantialities, that it would easily outdo Tennyson's insistent brook in going on for ever. As, of course, it does go on—for ever and ever and ever and ever; and thereby links the eternal past with—endlessness to come. . . .

REFLECTIONS ON JAMAICA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL D. C. SPENCER-SMITH.

MANY people know that Jamaica is an island in the West Indies, that bananas grow there and that in it is a seaside resort called Montego Bay, where the best of sun- and sea-bathing may be enjoyed. Some even know that Kingston is the capital, and that in the past it has suffered badly from earthquakes. But apart from this little is known of the island except that it is generally held to produce the world's best rum. A few notes may therefore be of interest to prospective visitors, many of whom have asked the writer for information.

Jamaica was discovered by Columbus, and in due course added to the overseas possessions of Spain. Originally called Xaymaca—The Land of Springs—it was inhabited by harmless Indians, whose harmlessness, however, did not prevent their rapid extermination in the drastic way characteristic of Spaniards of those days. The whites are there by right—if so it can be called—of conquest; the negroes because the whites brought them there.

Jamaica is a land of high and, in many places, very steep mountains divided by narrow valleys, through which in the rainy seasons dangerous torrents often pour. A few areas of comparatively flat land exist, mainly on the south side, and in the extreme west of the island, but except where there is cultivation the country is covered with thick bush. It is—as a whole—so *accidenté* that no better illustration of it could be given than that said to have been used by

Columbus. When asked by Queen Isabella to describe it, he crumpled up a sheet of paper, and letting this fall on the table said, 'There is Jamaica.'

Little that grows there is indigenous except the bush, one notable exception being Pimento or Allspice, which is peculiar to Jamaica. This spice has great warming properties, and the writer was told that in pre-War days most of the crop was taken by Russia—as also was that of Blue Mountain coffee. In Russia pimento was used in powder form, and sprinkled in the long boots worn there, and it is said to be an excellent specific against chilblains. Owing to a recently-born disease the supply is now much reduced. Russia is, alas! no longer a buyer—presumably the true Bolshevik is not affected by cold feet—and, when foreign exchange regulations allow, Germany now buys most of the crop for use in flavouring *wurst*. Products such as sugar-cane, bananas, guinea grass, logwood, negroes, ticks and mongoose were all imported.

Even the Jews, who have a strong hold on the island, were deliberately imported—for an interesting reason. Jamaica became British largely by accident, for Admirals Penn and Venables, sent by Cromwell to seize the great island of Hispaniola—now known as Haiti and San Domingo—failed to take this, and fearing to return empty-handed, went on and seized Jamaica instead. They hoped that their failure might thereby be condoned, but Cromwell punished them none the less, though he kept the windfall.

In 1657 the then Governor of the island wrote to Cromwell telling him that shopkeepers were sorely needed, for all English and Scotsmen, who had come out to keep shops, had left them, and gone on to the land, which they found more profitable. Could Cromwell please do something to remedy this state of things? He did. For the next letter is

from the Lord Protector himself, and tells the Governor that he has spoken with the Chief Rabbi of Brussels, and that the latter hopes shortly to send out a consignment of suitable Jews. A third letter—also from Cromwell—informs the Governor that the Chief Rabbi has failed to get what he wanted in Flanders, but is sending out a shipload of Portuguese Jews, which it is hoped will serve the purpose required. It did, and it still does. So it was that Jewry in Jamaica was born and still lives, as a glance at the names of the principal stores in Kingston will show, where the hold of the Jews is very strong.

Later on came the slave trade, and the importation of negroes from Africa. Much wealth derived from this form of labour until 'Free' in 1837, when the slaves left the plantations and estates, and refused to work for many years. Great numbers of properties were thereby ruined, especially those where slaves had been harshly treated. On others, where treatment had been more humane, there was less trouble, and gradually labour again became available. Even now negroes will often introduce themselves proudly as 'we property people,' meaning by this that their forebears were slaves on that particular property, have always been connected with it, and that in consequence they are 'pedigree stock.'

Much is now written about Jamaica, for the most part representing 'everything in the garden as lovely,' and the writer believes that much harm is done to the island thereby. Visitors go there expecting perfection, and not unnaturally come away disappointed.

One instance—that of roads—may be cited. An article appeared recently in a famous English weekly—written by a well-known West Indian—in which it was stated that there were 2,000 miles of good roads in Jamaica. Probably

few people have driven their own cars more miles over different roads—main and parochial—throughout the island than has the writer, and he has no hesitation in saying that, if Jamaica has 100 miles of good roads, she has more than he has been able to find. They certainly could not be called good in Europe, except perhaps in Albania.

Though well graded and laid out, they are not properly built nor in any way suited to modern traffic. They are for the most part very narrow and made of loose and soft metal thrown on anyhow without proper foundations, to be rolled in by the traffic itself, and much of this so-called metal is already dust at the outset. This soon settles into two broad ruts divided by a high ridge of loose stones, and flanked on either side by similar ridges. Beyond these latter often lie deep 'water tables,' by means of which all lateral support to the road has been removed. Patches of live rock—'growing' tones' as the negroes call it—appear at frequent intervals.

Driving in Jamaica is mostly bad, and road manners, with few exceptions, do not exist. It seems to be held that the driver who sounds his horn first has right of way, and the other man must slither over the loose metal into the water table and pray that nothing will hit him before the fog of dust has lifted. Coming round a corner both drivers will almost invariably be on the wrong side.

Certainly in Jamaica motoring would be better described as a game of chance rather than as one of skill, and it is also well to remember that there is no compulsory insurance of cars, that the majority of drivers are men of straw, and that if a crash occurs you will almost certainly have to pay for your own repairs, no matter how blameless you may be, and, in addition, for the other man's as well. For witnesses are not difficult to obtain, and a white man starts at a disadvantage.

Sooner or later the problem of the roads will have to be tackled, and in view of the ever-increasing motor traffic they will have to be built on proper foundations with lateral support, and hard metal will have to be produced and tarred before using. At present most of the money poured daily on to the roads in the form of loose metal and dust is wasted, for it is scattered to the winds by the first few cars that pass. But waste and failure to look ahead are unfortunately all too common in Jamaica. Motoring through the island might so well be a delight, and attract visitors to stay in the country districts, where comfortable and moderately priced hotels are to be found, but owing to pot-holes, loose metal, dust and bad drivers, to tour in a car is now little better than a dangerous nightmare.

Another serious want is that of a telephone service, though assurances have lately been given that work on one of a kind will shortly be begun. Jamaica, like Russia, is to have a 'five years' plan,' and we are promised a skeleton telephone service in five years' time. Let us hope that our Jamaica Stalins will be as good as their word. But a good 'Purge' would do no harm, and it is probable that two companies of 'Signals' could give as much in five months' time. This lack of means for quick communication is serious for both business men and visitors, for the postal service can hardly be called efficient, and it is not possible to telegraph after 4 p.m. To be strictly truthful, two separate telephone systems do exist—both privately owned. One serves the 'corporate area of Kingston' only, and the other is an island system installed for their own private use by the United Fruit Company. Possibly vested interests may have been the bar to progress, as they have so often been in the past.

Recently the writer received in the parish of St. Elizabeth two letters, for which he had been anxiously waiting, one

from Montego Bay and the other from Morant Bay, 40 miles and 150 miles distant respectively. The first had taken five days, and the second four days, to reach him, so that he can hardly be blamed for casting aspersions on the postal service.

There is much that is Gilbertian in the island, as the following story will show :—In the parish of Z. a certain coloured man was anxious to stand for the Parochial Board—the counterpart on a small scale of the County Council in England. For this a ‘character’ is required before nomination, and as he had been previously convicted of a serious offence and sentenced to a term of imprisonment, his candidature was not accepted. But in Jamaica it seems to be a case of ‘the higher the fewer.’ The higher the assembly the fewer the qualifications required, and for the Legislative Council (or Island Parliament) no character is necessary.

Our friend therefore stood for this, and being in no way handicapped by his previous record, was duly elected and became the ‘honourable member’ for the parish. As member of the Legislative Council (M.L.C.) for the parish, he became automatically an ex-officio member of the Parochial Board, for which his candidature had previously been rejected, and was elected its chairman. Truly a case where the rejected became the corner-stone.

Another election experience may also be told. A friend of the writer, a white man, was standing for a certain parish, his opponent being a negro. The latter’s record was not a good one, and his reputation was no better, for he was generally credited with being an ‘obeah man,’ or witch-doctor.

The white man had been holding an election meeting in the local schoolhouse, and was driving home when he espied the light of a lantern in the bush. Knowing his

rival's ways, he got down and walked quietly up to it, coming up just in time to hear the closing words of the other candidate's address—which were as follows: 'And if any of you dare to vote for Mr. X. his face will twist up and he will walk sideways all de rest of his life.'

'Obeah,' or black magic, has still—alas!—great power in Jamaica, and the writer has on several occasions been told by men, who know the island and the negroes exceptionally well, that in their opinion it is actually increasing. On the occasion described the threat was apparently effective, for the utterer was duly elected.

It is a sad fact that racial prejudice is much exploited at election times, and the lowering of the franchise was not followed by any raising of the quality of the candidates for the Council. Indeed, it is sometimes amusing to visualise a not impossible situation in Jamaica, in which fourteen ex-convicts would be found sitting round the dinner table at King's House as 'honourable members' of the Legislative Council.

Up till recently any man who paid 10s. per annum in rates and taxes was entitled to vote, and, in the opinion of many responsible people, the lowering of the franchise to this level had resulted in much harm to the island. But by a ruling lately given the payment of even 10s. is no longer to be the minimum, a ruling which has puzzled many, who believed that the 10s. minimum was laid down in the Constitution, and could not be altered except by the British Parliament.

It is a topsy-turvy island—even roast chickens are usually served upside down—but it is a beautiful one in spite of public inefficiency and waste. It has many troubles to contend with, and, although it has for some time been spared devastation by hurricanes, heavy losses have been

caused by the ravages of Leaf or Black Spot disease among bananas, and the disease which has ruined all pimento 'walks' above a certain altitude. These have practically been wiped out, and the owners left with no income and with no possible alternative cultivation.

At the same time the logwood market has been almost completely shut down, and this dyewood may now almost be classed as a noxious weed. It has become an expensive pest to cattle 'pens' and no longer an asset to many smallholders. Penkeepers, i.e. cattle farmers, have to choose between letting their pastures revert to bush and so starving their cattle, or spending large sums in keeping down the self-sown logwood, when incomes are no longer available for the purpose.

Properties are deteriorating through no fault of the owners, and times are hard for all, for the peasantry suffer with the larger proprietors, who are less and less able to pay both their taxes and the labour, which is so vitally important if productivity is to be maintained.

The same money cannot pay two bills. Unfortunately it has not been possible to detect any definite Government policy which might lead to improvement. Much borrowed money has certainly been spent, but little of it on work that should be reproductive and bring about a permanent improvement in the lot of the agricultural population. The only hope would seem to lie in the adoption of a long-sighted agricultural policy, which might gradually improve the lot of the small cultivator.

Otherwise trouble may come with the advent of labour agitators, who have begun to appear in the island, and to urge an utterly ignorant people to demand wages which the island industries could not bear. The fable of the goose with the golden eggs is too often disregarded.

Generally there has been a widespread lack of foresight, and when a boom has begun in the past, it has seemed to be assumed that this would last indefinitely and men have acted or failed to act accordingly, as in the case of the sugar planters at the end of the War. When offered £100 per ton of sugar, almost to a man they held for £150, and in due course had to accept £10. Of all the good Jamaica proverbs the best is the one least heeded: 'Greedy choke puppy.'

Jamaica has many charms, and no people can be more courteous and more kindly, and for the many kindnesses shown him the writer of these possibly too frank lines can never be sufficiently grateful. He can only beg to be forgiven. But he believes that the island may best be served by telling what he believes to be the truth. Those who go there expecting perfection will be disappointed, but those who do not expect too much will come back rested and refreshed. *Dolce far niente*, and to all, to whom this, with the added charms of perfect sea-bathing and a lovely climate, makes appeal, the advice may be given, Go to Jamaica.

All the foregoing was written many weeks before the riots in Jamaica broke out, and the writer seems, alas! to have been only too true a prophet. But the agitators started sooner than he had expected, and with the inflammable material to hand soon caused a conflagration.

The trouble began with a rush of unemployed and unemployables to the sugar-factory in course of erection in Westmoreland by Messrs. Tate & Lyle, who already had all the labour they could employ. That the strike had been carefully prepared seems beyond doubt, and a reliable correspondent writes that several listeners heard on their

wireless one night Russia's congratulations to the leading agitator on 'his good work in Jamaica,' and adds that this was no mere rumour. Certainly there was evidence of organisation and of funds being available for the transport of roughs from place to place, and there seem to have been some ugly moments.

Some planters with a name for harshness were threatened and molested, but others, who were known as just employers, had no trouble at all. The great majority of the elected members of the Council are reported to have lain low and done nothing to guide or control their people.

While the strikes lasted, strike mania was almost universal and amusing stories are told of it. In one case a small holder sought advice from a magistrate as to whether he should strike or not. When asked his reason he replied that everyone else was 'on strike,' and he thought that he ought perhaps to do likewise.

Market women growing their own produce and selling it at their own prices duly 'struck,' and in one case a number of smallholders met and arranged to 'strike'—presumably against themselves. It was quite a new game.

A large programme of agricultural reform has now been announced and every friend of Jamaica will pray for its success. But unless a comprehensive water scheme is included, it is more than likely to fail in its object. Some roads are to be asphalted at once and the telephone system is to be extended, all of which should add to the convenience of residents and future visitors. It now remains to pay the bill, and how this is to be done is greatly exercising the minds of the more thoughtful members of the population.

THE FIDDLE AND THE FIRE-BRIGADE.

BY RONALD PALIN.

DURING the course of a recent address to members of the British Institute of Philosophy, the lecturer referred to the difficulty she always experienced in stating the precise value of the study of philosophy. It was, she felt, rather like the difficulty one would feel if one were asked what was the advantage to be derived from listening to Beethoven's *A minor quartet*: everyone knew what the value of that was, but it was a value very hard to put into words. She went on to say that although studying philosophy to-day, when the world was in a pitiable state of unrest and confusion, might be compared to fiddling while Rome was burning, she personally considered that if there was nothing one could do to help there was no harm in fiddling.

At the conclusion of the address, a member of the audience rose and said that these words had caused him great distress. By common consent, he said, the need for help was very great; instead of happily fiddling, ought one not rather to run out and join the fire-brigade?

The criticism was so obvious that the lecturer hastened to explain that she had been misunderstood; she had not intended her somewhat dangerous simile to be taken in too literal a sense. She certainly agreed that at a time like this everyone should do his bit; she wished she did not think so, but she did.

The implications of these last words are curious. If the professor meant by them that she wished that the world were in such a condition that there was no necessity for anyone to give a hand with the buckets to save it from the flames, nobody will gainsay her. But there is another, a

very strange, way in which her remark may be construed ; a way which reflects the thoughts of every poet, artist and philosopher who is a meliorist, in every place where thought is vigorous, progressive and unfettered.

Mr. Olaf Stapledon, in the preface to his cosmic *tour de force*, *Star Maker*, states the problem very clearly. After describing the undeniable existence of the appalling crisis which faces civilisation he says :

' Yet I have a lively sympathy with some of those " intellectuals " who declare that they have no useful contribution to make to the struggle, and therefore had better not dabble in it. I am, in fact, one of them. In our defence I should say that, though we are inactive or ineffective as direct supporters of the cause, we do not ignore it. Indeed, it constantly, obsessively, holds our attention. But we are convinced by prolonged trial and error that the most useful service open to us is indirect. For some writers the case is different. Gallantly plunging into the struggle, they use their powers to spread urgent propaganda, or they even take up arms in the cause. If they have suitable ability, and if the particular struggle in which they serve is in fact a part of the great enterprise of defending (or creating) civilisation, they may, of course, do valuable work. . . . But the very urgency of their service may tend to blind them to the importance of maintaining and extending, even in this age of crisis, what may be called metaphorically the " self-critical self-consciousness of the human species," or the attempt to see man's life as a whole in relation to the rest of things.'

As bugle and drum inspire soldiers, so may a well-played fiddle hearten firemen, and the sound of a violin in the hands of a master is one of the most divinely beautiful which the human ear can enjoy. The flames can destroy a man's body, but absence of beauty can destroy his soul. The tasks of those who minister to our physical needs cannot in any way be compared with the tasks of those who fulfil

the desires of our souls. Each should perform his own duty, the duty for which he is fitted, and be honoured for it.

It is a commonplace to say that we live in an age of specialisation, and those who quote the definition of a specialist as 'one who knows more and more about less and less' are understood to regard the tendency as deplorable. Take a man, they would say, an average man, out of a highly 'civilised' modern city and set him down among completely untutored savages, cut off from the world he knows and from the possibility of ever returning to it. Assuming he could speak their language, he would be able to describe to them all the scientific marvels which he daily used, but would be totally unable actually to bring to them any of the benefits which his membership of a civilised community gave him. Even if every raw material were at hand, he would be of no more practical use than a storyteller spinning tales of miracles from his own imagination.

This argument ignores the manifest impossibility of there *not* being a tendency towards specialisation where living has become such a highly complex affair as it is in the twentieth century. Specialisation is, indeed, eminently desirable, and there are many spheres where there is not half enough of it, and one man is doing two jobs badly which two men would do well. The countryside is being defaced by abominably ugly houses because persons who know how to build them imagine that they also know how to design them. Thousands of disgracefully bad books appear every year because persons who have had interesting experiences (or, worse still, only wish they had) imagine that they also know how to write about them. Cases could be multiplied almost indefinitely where what might be good work is bad work, or only indifferent work, because, for whatever reason, a specialist has not been consulted.

Now a philosopher is not a specialist. He is not a specialist for the reason that he seeks to discover the ultimate reality underlying every conceivable branch of human activity. From this one might be led to suppose that there is no branch of human activity in regard to which philosophers ought not to be consulted, in the same way as one consults a doctor about one's health or a stockbroker about one's investments. It was precisely this misconception which the lecturer sought to remove from the mind of her distressed interrogator.

Modern philosophers have been divided into two kinds : those who are concerned to make some really epoch-making discovery, and those who are concerned to understand clearly what they are talking about. Apart, however, from the question as to which of these two aims is the more laudable, there is fairly general agreement even among philosophers of the first type that in their own day no really significant discovery about the nature of reality is likely to be made. To their credit it must be added that they do not adduce this belief as an excuse for giving up the struggle. But so far from doubting whether philosophers are justified in taking this view, the ordinary man with some idea of what philosophy is 'all about,' while recognising that when the nature of a result is known an important step has been taken towards its achievement, cannot even begin to imagine what the nature of such an epoch-making discovery might be, let alone understand how society could conceivably profit by it. It may, indeed, be argued with some excuse that no philosopher since philosophical thinking began ever has made an epoch-making discovery, if by this one may be allowed to mean a discovery which is at once profoundly significant and demonstrably true. Philosophers have not made discoveries : they have advanced opinions and formulated theories, opinions and theories which have not only

been attacked and refuted by other philosophers but which, even if they had been demonstrably true, would have had no real, practical importance at all. To-day, philosophers deal with conceptions of such difficulty and complexity that they have found themselves under the necessity of introducing a number of entirely new words into the language, and of ascribing to several old words entirely new meanings, in order to discuss their ideas, with the result that they are, with certain notable exceptions, less intelligible than ever. But they still seem to be as far as ever from that 'epoch-making discovery.'

The Times Literary Supplement, reviewing Professor Harold Richards' book, *The Universe Surveyed*, refers to his 'description of an imaginary cinema film displaying in a two-hours' run the past history of the earth—a time scale in which the career of the human race would be limited to a fraction of the last second.' Professor Joad puts the same idea equally strikingly¹: 'If we reckon,' he says, 'the whole past of life upon the earth at a hundred years, the whole past of human life is reduced to one month, and of human civilisation to just over two hours.' And as regards the future, '... we reach the result that a time scale which reckons the past of human civilisation at something over two hours gives man a future of about a hundred thousand years.' In other words, man is but a new-born child, and all his theories and speculations but the first faint glimmers of a dawning intelligence.

There is no more fascinating intellectual pastime than this: to consider how different man is from his earliest ancestors, and to reflect how different his ultimate descendants will be from him, when the same number of countless years has passed over the earth again. For progress there has been; even in one's most despairing mood one cannot

¹ *Guide to Philosophy*.

deny it ; and progress there will be. Man may have grasped more scientific power than his lagging spirit and dim intellect can cope with ; he may have an utterly false sense of values and no sense of proportion at all ; he may be ignorant, irrational and brutal ; but he is young, and his mental stature will increase until it has reached heights that it does not dream of. Progress there will be : unless . . .

Unless there is failure to join the fire-brigade.

It is not the world which is in need of reform, but the people in it. The world is a good place ; it abounds in good and beautiful things. But people do not understand how to live in it. Let people be educated in the art of living together in an infinitely diverse harmony, and all will be well. But it is not the business of philosophy to do this ; it is the business of ethics, of sociology, of psychology, of psycho-analysis, of political economy, with none of which, not even ethics, is philosophy properly concerned. So great an authority as Mr. Bertrand Russell has stated that in his opinion ethics ought not to be regarded as a department of philosophy. This is not to say, however, that philosophers cannot render assistance to workers in all these spheres ; they can, and they must. But let them not think that what they are doing is in any way connected with philosophy, which is a greater thing.

The fiddler must put down his fiddle and run to give a hand with the buckets. And when the fire is out he must not stop there ; he must help those whose job it is to see that no such conflagration shall ever break out again. Then in security he must take up his fiddle again and play : play, and produce strains more beautiful than any he has produced before, strains which have a value so great that it cannot be described, and which all who have ears to hear may hear, to the enrichment of their souls.

PASSCHENDAELE, 1917.

An Iris by a little pool
 Of quiet waters, crystal cool,
 Set in a tree-clad vale ;
 With aching step we passed it by,
 With aching step and weary eye
 Along the road to Passchendaele.

In battle order on we went,
 A squad of soldiers nearly spent,
 With sweating faces pale.
 Weary, oh wearily along,
 With snatches of half-hearted song,
 Along the road to Passchendaele.

We had not reached to battle zone,
 And trees their greenness still could own
 Untouched by shrapnel hail :
 And here the Iris flourished whole,
 Blue eyed, beside the little pool
 That gems the road to Passchendaele.

Then, as each soldier passed it by
 Each fixed it with his weary eye
 As shipwrecked men asail ;
 And sighed or hitched a haversack
 Higher upon an aching back
 —Along the road to Passchendaele.

*What meant that little purple bloom
 To us, the sweating sons of Doom
 Who marched to Horrors Pale?
 Oh heart! It stood for kith and kind,
 The wondrous world God meant us find,
 Love—and all fair things left behind
 Upon the road to Passchendaele.*

J. PAIN.

ALL HALLOW-E'EN.

(1)

THE NIGHT WIND.

*All night a lost wind roamed around the house
 Seeking an entrance, shaking every door,
 And each of us, remembering his own ghost
 Said: 'They return no more.
 It is the wind: only the passing wind.'*

*But, if they could return? . . . Let someone rise
 And fling the door wide open to the night.
 Would fear outshine the welcome in our eyes?
 Could we endure the sight?
 Would vision strike us blind?*

*Love should be fearless—or should cast out fear—
 Enter poor lonely soul, if you are there!*

*The wind is gone, the starry night is clear
 And fresh the rain-sweet air.*

(II)

REQUIEM.

*They are at rest. They do not come and go
Like lonely winds that wail around the door
Or restless tides that ever ebb and flow
To break in sobbing waves upon the shore.
They are at rest. They shall return no more.*

*They are at rest. Let not our grieving break it.
Perhaps our tears becloud their finer air.
Faith's anchor holds, though doubt's wild tempests shake it,
Let not our storms of weeping reach them there.
They are at rest, in their Redeemer's care.*

C. M. MALLET.

PRE-WAR SPORTING DAYS IN IRELAND.

BY COLONEL LEWIS COMYN.

IN their reminiscent moods, soldiers who, in the words of the *Gazette* 'having attained the age limit cease to belong to the Reserve of Officers,' are wont to look back wistfully on the good days spent in Ireland before the War. What a happy hunting ground it was ! What a splendid training area for troops ! Whatever truth or slander there may be in the American's description of present-day Ireland—'The finest open-air lunatic asylum in the world'—it is certainly true that in those days it was the finest recreation ground in the world for officers of His Majesty's Services. And not for officers only. Young Englishmen from the Universities and some young Americans, too, in the early years of the present century discovered in Ireland the ideal conditions in which to learn the art of hunting hounds without excessive publicity. The remoter Irish hunts, not at any time too well-endowed with rich subscribers, and feeling the draught caused by the expropriation of the big landlords under the Wyndham Land Purchase Act, were willing to take a chance and suffer the agonies of an embryo gentleman-huntsman if he looked a likely sort and were prepared to accept a reduced subscription while still promising to uphold the best traditions of these famous hunts. How faithfully this promise was kept nobody has ever sought to question.

Isaac Bell is probably the best known among the group of young men who started hunting foxhounds in this way. He arrived in Galway in 1903 from America, via Cambridge

University. 'Ikey' had a way with him, as they say in Ireland, which quickly endeared him to the warm-hearted hunting men, covert-owners and country people. In addition to this he was one of the best men of his generation to ride across country; the rottener and more razor-edged the banks the more he seemed to relish them. At the same time a great lover of hounds and an earnest student of everything pertaining to them—as anybody can see who has read his book *Foxiana*—it is not surprising that from 1903 to 1908 he showed such sport with the Galway Blazers as had not been seen since the days of their famous Burton Perse whose almost legendary mastership extended over a period of fifty years. From Galway Ikey Bell went to Kilkenny, which country he continued to hunt until 1922, except for the break caused by his absence on war service. 'The best scenting country in the world' was how he once described Kilkenny to me.

A succession of English gentlemen-huntsmen followed Bell in Galway, among them Harry Vane, Norman Loder and Joe Pickersgill. Loder was not quite a novice, for he had hunted a pack in England for at least one season before coming to Galway. His charm of manner and his perfect horsemanship won him immediate popularity in a country where such characteristics meet with quick appreciation. It was said that Loder modelled himself on Arthur Pollok, who was then hunting the Kildare hounds. He had ample opportunities for this while staying at the Curragh with his uncle, Major Eustace Loder, who bred 'Pretty Polly.' Anyhow, no better model than Arthur Pollok could a future huntsman have chosen, for he was one of the best amateur huntsmen that Ireland has produced. In his time he has hunted many packs in Ireland, including Limerick in later years under the mastership of his cousin, 'Atty' Perse,

Major Thomas Bouch was another Englishman who came to learn the art of hunting in Ireland, from Oxford University via the 10th Hussars. What better preparation could a man bring to this very scientific occupation than a University education followed by three years in a cavalry regiment? Is it not sad to reflect that henceforth service in a cavalry regiment will not necessarily prove of any particular benefit to a future master of hounds or horses? Tommy Bouch chose the East Galway hounds for his earliest efforts in huntsmanship, a trappy country to hunt and ride over, with a good proportion of bog and, therefore, well calculated to lay the seeds of knowledge and experience which bore good fruit when he transferred to the Tipperary a year later. That was in 1909 when the famous 'Dick' Burke, who had hunted Tipperary for umpteen years, resigned. A difficult man to follow, truly, but Bouch came through the ordeal triumphantly, and I remember the wave of regret which surged through the Tipperary Hunt when he transferred to the Atherstone in 1911.

The Army point-to-point at Knocklong, in the centre of John Ryan's Black and Tan country, was a fearsome performance. To see a field of never less than thirty young officers in the light-weight race charge the first fence, a big hairy bank where there was only room for about four horses to jump abreast, was a sight one is never likely to forget.

One year my regiment had arranged to hold a regimental meeting over the same course, and we were very chagrined when our Divisional Commander, General Parsons, himself a keen hunting man, declined our invitation to come to the meeting and act as a steward. Very courteously he explained that he did not approve of point-to-point racing. 'For many months in the year,' he said, 'you train your young horses to gallop up cool and well-collected to these huge

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Tipperary and Limerick banks and then one fine day you pull them out and gallop at break-neck speed at the same fences. Is it any wonder that I have seen many a promising hunter turned into a bad racehorse?' Those were days, of course, when any horse trained in a racing stable, no matter for how short a time, was debarred from running in a point-to-point, certainly in the Army point-to-point. Some of us older men have never ceased to regret that this rule should have gone by the board.

Hunting in Ireland one meets with many quaint situations such as no other country seems capable of producing. I remember one day when I had promised to give the local doctor a lift in my car to the meet. He kept me waiting a good fifteen minutes at his surgery and, being himself a mad keen hunting man, he was profuse in apologies and very much annoyed that an urgent and unexpected case had unavoidably detained him.

We had not gone many miles when our progress was slowed-up by a man standing on the road with outstretched arms. Recognising the doctor, he thanked God and all the angels because, as he explained, he was just starting for the village to fetch the doctor to his wife, who was in the throes of child-birth and very bad, he said.

The doctor swore under his breath. Aloud he said, 'I can't possibly attend to her now, Pat. You must get Dr. . . . This gentleman here is driving me to the meet and I have already delayed him' . . . etc., etc. Weepingly Pat begged and prayed. Firmly the doctor protested that he could not wait, and to clinch the argument he said, 'What good can I do anyhow, I have no instruments with me.'

Feeling that it was mainly on my account that this usually kind-hearted doctor was so adamant in his refusal, I thought it time to intervene and I said that if he did not go in I should

do so myself. So in he went and I waited once more in the car. Soon Pat came out with a message. 'The doctor's compliments and would Your Honour send him in his hunting-crop and Your Honour's own hunting-crop !' Another ten minutes and then the doctor emerged, looking very cross in contrast to Pat whose face was now wreathed in smiles. Dropping into the seat beside me and throwing the two whips he was carrying into the back of the car, the doctor said, 'Drive on for God's sake or we'll never see hounds this day.' In the circumstances I devoted all my attention to the business of persuading the old Ford car to gallop faster than ever she had been asked to do before. The swaying of the car and the rain-sodden muddy road made our progress a veritable nightmare, but the doctor never moved a muscle. Only when we came round a corner on two wheels, and found the hounds still drawing the first covert, did I venture to ask him, 'Was it a boy or a girl ?' — 'I don't know,' he said, as he hurled himself out of the car, 'I had no time to look.' To this day I do not know whether he really used the hunting-crops or whether he was just pulling my leg. I was not able to fathom the meaning of an enigmatic wink which Pat gave me, behind the doctor's back, as the car plunged away from the cottage door.

Another day I was out with the Ward Union Staghounds, the only day I have ever had with this famous Dublin pack. At the meet I noticed a callow youth on a very good-looking well-bred young mare. We got away quickly and hounds ran fast over a big line of country, in the course of which we passed at the back of Fairyhouse Racecourse stand. Very early on I noticed my youthful friend sailing away in front of me. I was well mounted, but all my efforts to get on terms with him failed. The mare was pulling him

a bit, he was having a rough passage, but I could see he was enjoying every moment of it. The hunt ended after about forty minutes of the best, and I determined to make some enquiries about the young mare, as I felt sure the boy was the son of some local farmer and was schooling the mare with a view to selling her to an officer. She was just the type 'likely to win a point-to-point.' So I approached the youth and said, 'By Gad, that mare carried you well in that hunt.' His reply, made with glowing eyes and obvious sincerity, was so unexpected that I feel it deserves to be recorded. 'Well look-it here,' he said, 'for the first two miles she was kickin' the dogs from under her feet.' May I add, for the sake of the Ward Union Hounds, that the statement was not literally true, but it expressed in picturesque language the impression which his ride had left upon him, and, to a certain extent, upon me.

In another part of the country there was a great sportsman, whose mother owned and ran a very good hotel in the little town. Arthur P—— was quite the most amusing 'character' in a country where such characters are by no means scarce. But he had the not-uncommon failing that he drank too much. About the time when I first got to know him he had begun to develop fits of D.T. I took such a liking to him that I thought I must try to take him in hand. So one day I said to him, 'Tell me, Arthur, do you know when you have a fit coming on? Do you know when you are really in D.T.?' Instead of resenting the question, as I feared he might, he answered with a twinkle in his eye, 'Well, it's this way, Captain. When you're lying in the bed and suddenly you see a little old man wid' a tall hat on him poppin' up and down at the end of the bed, you might think you have them then but you haven't got them at all, at all. And when you see a rat coming out of one corner

of the ceiling upside down and stealing across to the opposite corner, you might think you have them then but—not at all. But, Captain,' said he, and here he got very earnest and confidential, 'when you put down your hand to take up the jerry and a woodcock rises up out of it and flies out the window without ever breaking the glass, then you can be nearly sure you have the D.T.'s.'

In pre-war days there was no dearth of shooting in Ireland for army officers. Mostly rough shooting because big covert shoots, where thousands of pheasants are raised, were never very numerous in that country. But snipe, duck and woodcock were to be had in most places, and the writer would venture to urge that, on the whole, such sport is much better fun than a battue of hand-reared pheasants.

At one station my regiment rented a wide area of bog and woodland for the sum of £10 per annum. The first time we shot the woods we got 25 couple of woodcock and in four subsequent shoots the bag never was below 10 couple. Any afternoon an officer taking out his gun on the bog could be pretty sure of picking up 3 or 4 couple of snipe.

Then again, fishing was almost as popular in summer as the hunting and shooting in winter, although officers were not able to devote so much time to it owing to the exigencies of collective training. Dapping on the lakes in the early part of June was specially sought after and cost hardly anything. The salmon fishing was also far better and cheaper than in recent years, but this is a phenomenon not peculiar to Ireland.

Salmon-fishing reminds me of an amusing incident at the county town where I was quartered. I was returning from leave by train from Dublin, and the other occupant of my compartment was a very good-looking Englishman,

obviously over on a fishing holiday to judge from the amount of tackle which accompanied him. We were soon deep in conversation about sport in Ireland. He seemed very well informed on the subject and indeed on any subject which arose. Our journey passed with unwonted celerity. As the train drew into our station he asked me if I were a member of the County Club and, if so, would I be kind enough to put up his name for ten days' temporary membership. He had not told me his name and one hesitates in such cases to make oneself responsible for total strangers, however charming they appear to be. So I hedged a bit and said if he would come up to the club I would see the steward about getting one of the committee to put him up for membership. The steward, however, said that no reference to the committee was necessary provided that the gentleman was a member of one of the London Clubs to which our club was affiliated for just this purpose (mostly service clubs).

'What is your club, sir?' asked the steward.

'Marlborough,' answered the stranger.

Unfortunately the steward had never heard of the Marlborough Club, and I could see that the stranger had dropped several points in the steward's estimation.

'Very sorry, sir, but the Marlborough club is *not* on our list.'

From the tone of freezing finality with which this verdict was announced it was evident that, mentally, the steward had already catalogued the Marlborough among the less reputable London night-clubs. The stranger looked across at me with a faint smile and just the suggestion of a wink.

'As a matter of fact,' he said to the steward, 'I belong to several London clubs,' and he reeled off a list of half a dozen well-known clubs.

Mercifully, the steward at last found one of these 'on our list,' and the situation was saved, or so it seemed—but not quite.

'What name, sir?' asked the steward, producing the Visitors' Book.

'Francis of Teck,' came the reply.

Now the steward had never heard of a gentleman with a name like that. He had a hazy notion there was a saint named something like it, but saints were not gentlemen, and gentlemen were not saints (ten years' stewardship of the County Club had left him in no doubt on that point!). So, at once, all his previous misgivings about the stranger's credentials were revived. The matter was finally settled only after I had taken the steward aside and explained, at some length, that the gentleman was His Royal Highness Prince Francis of Teck, brother of the Princess of Wales, as Queen Mary was at the time. Later in that week the Prince told me with a smile that he thought he was living down the dubious impression created at his introduction to the club. Prince Francis was a fine all-round sportsman, with an attractive personality. His early death was a sad loss to the country.

How much Eire has lost annually in terms of £ s. d. by the withdrawal of the English 'garrison' is a question which the present administrators of that country would probably not care to discuss. They would put the matter on a higher plane and argue that although 'the captains and the kings depart' Eire has at least attained the captaincy of her own soul. Be that as it may, practical Englishmen may be interested to know that in pre-war days it was reckoned that a battalion of infantry was worth £1,000 a week to the small town fortunate enough to have barracks to accommodate them. It is easy to see, therefore, how

much a little place like Fermoy must have lost. My recollection is that two battalions and a brigade of artillery were quartered there. Nowadays, Fermoy must be like one of those distressed areas in England where the sole industry of the locality has ceased to be marketable. In several Irish townships the British Army was the sole industry.

There may be room for two opinions as to what Eire has gained or lost as the result of the treaty. There can be only one opinion as to what British Army officers have lost in respect of all sporting amenities but especially hunting, shooting and fishing. This loss is almost irreparable. There is simply no other place in or outside the Empire where such things are to be had, even if money were no object. To some extent the loss may be mitigated for officers who elect to spend their two months' leave in Eire. The hunting, at least, is almost as good as ever and officers can be assured of a cordial welcome from all classes. Two months' leave, however, is a very different thing from being quartered in the old Ireland all the year round. Gone are the opportunities for those intimate social contacts, the visits to the country horse-shows, the small race-meetings, the horse fairs and rubbing shoulders with all and sundry which were such a delightful feature of pre-war soldiering in Ireland.

THE TROUBLE TREE.

BY BEATRICE WASHBURN.

'HOT diggity dog,' Lazarus was heard to exclaim to our stalwart cook, Azalea. 'Woman, you ain't seen nothin' yet.'

'I ain't sayin' what I seen and what I ain't seen,' contended Azalea, 'and don't you hot diggity me, you no-count coloured person. Is I askin' you a simple direct question or is I ain't?'

Our servant's repartee, refreshing as it was for a few moments, was apt to become repetitious and exasperating to a student of the English language.

'What's it all about?' demanded my husband, strolling towards the window to gain a better view of the controversy. 'Is she asking him, by any chance, what became of the roast chicken that was left for a moment unguarded on the kitchen table last week?'

'She knows better than to do that,' I assured him. 'No, it's about the magnolia tree. The big one in the back meadow that seems to be so popular with the negroes. You know how they come up to it from all parts of the plantation.'

'What does he say?' asked my husband. 'There isn't anything very remarkable about that tree and yet they just can't seem to leave it alone. They walk to it at all hours of the day just to touch its branches.'

'He says it's a trouble tree,' I repeated perplexed. 'Whatever that means.'

My husband shook his head and he asked of Azalea when she brought in the drip coffee after dinner.

'What's all this I hear about a trouble tree, Azalea? Is there anything wrong with that magnolia?'

'No, suh,' said the coloured woman smoothly and immediately. 'Der ain't nothin' wrong wid dat tree. Nothin' wrong at all. Only some trees is born to trouble, just like some folkses is.'

'Well,' said my husband, pouring the brandy into his demi-tasse. 'It's certainly had an easy enough life so far. I planted it myself when I was a boy and so far as I know that tree has never had a care in the world. You are imagining things, Azalea.'

But after he had left the room he referred to it again. 'I don't like it,' he said gravely. 'When they begin talking like that. See if you can extract any information from Lazarus.'

But Lazarus, our stately gardener, was even more non-committal than usual. He said the magnolia tree was O.K. The flowers were O.K. The leaves were O.K., too. 'No, ma'am, dere wahn't nothin' wrong wid dat tree. It was as fine a magnolia as you would see in all Louisiana.'

'I know that,' I admitted as I stood looking up at its tremendous height, almost equal to that of the pines that soared into the hot blue sky. To-day its leaves were as shiny as though they had been polished and the great white blossoms shone like candles. They were lovely enough to put into a big bowl on the hall table, I thought as I reached out my hand to pluck one.

'Don't touch it,' screamed Lazarus suddenly. I pulled my hand away. Our old gardener was shaking and his face had become almost grey with fright.

'What is it, Lazarus?' I demanded sternly. 'You must tell me. What is wrong with that tree?'

He only shook his head and mumbled. There was no getting anything further out of the negroes. Behind them stretch centuries of superstition and black magic. They have learned to conceal it from the white man with uncanny skill.

We had the department of agriculture man come out to look at the magnolia and he only laughed and said it was a splendid tree. Nothing wrong with it anywhere. Just a normal magnolia, a good deal stronger than most.

'One of the handsomest I ever saw,' he remarked, after he had examined it with ladders. 'Negroes have fool ideas somehow. Probably they worship that tree or something. Sometimes they do that. You'd be surprised.'

'He may be right,' said my husband when we talked it over. 'Just tell them to keep away from the magnolia and see that they do.'

We issued the order and for days the back meadow was deserted. No one even crossed it on the way to the cotton-fields. And then one morning, after a heavy rain, we found the ground about it a molten mass of mud. Footprints of every description were printed in that chocolate-coloured slime. Great naked footprints and the slim feet of women and the tiny footprints of children. We had heard nothing in the night but then, the magnolia tree was a long way from the house, and yet they must have staged a mob scene underneath its branches. There was no use in questioning Azalea. She said she knew nothing about it. So we sent Lazarus down into the back meadow to smooth down the tumbled ground.

'I ain't touchin' dat tree,' we heard him tell Azalea in the kitchen. 'Don' you fret, woman. I ain't so much as lay a hand on dat dar trouble tree.'

But he touched it in spite of himself. Standing idly at

my bedroom window I watched Lazarus spade the earth up around the roots of the great magnolia preparatory to smoothing it down. As he stooped in the thick mud he slipped and threw out his arm to guard against a tumble and his hand brushed the bark of the great tree. It was a long way off so I could not hear what he said, but suddenly, as though by a signal, a wail broke out from the kitchen beneath me—the long, eerie, blood-curdling wail that the negroes sometimes emit in a moment of sheer terror. You cannot have lived in the South without at some time having heard that hair-raising sound—a heritage from the jungle, from the old, dark days of savagery. It pierced the quiet summer morning and we saw the negroes come hurrying up from behind the swamp. They had left their work in the cotton-fields and the barn and the kitchen as they recognised that primeval call.

‘Go on back to your work,’ said my husband sternly, standing on the back verandah to stem the straggling tide of people. ‘Nothing is wrong. Forget about it and go back to work.’

They hesitated, murmured, looked about uneasily and watched Lazarus as he came slowly back from the meadow, brushing the mud off his sleeve. Obviously he was not hurt and I was as much puzzled by that strange call as were the negroes themselves. Lazarus grinned sheepishly when he saw us, but his face was grey about the mouth.

‘Jes tumbled myself down,’ he assured us. ‘Wahn’t nothin.’ But the next morning he was ill. Very ill, we were assured by Azalea, who brought us the news with the morning coffee. He had high fever and pains in his head.

‘We’ll have the doctor,’ said my husband, but Azalea looked uncertain. ‘Doctors ain’t goin’ to cure what ails him. Ain’t no use callin’ no doctor.’

But we had him just the same and he came out of Lazarus's room behind the wood shed shaking his head and looking puzzled. 'I can't account for it,' he stated. 'Fever 105 and screaming with pain in his head and internal bleeding. Better move him to the hospital in town.'

'I'll get out the car,' said my husband and we hurried to wrap the suffering negro in cool sheets and put him on a stretcher. But when we brought him out on the driveway we saw every negro on the plantation standing there, a solid block of people to impede our progress. They moved a step forward as though they had been one person.

'Ain't goin' to take old Lazarus to town, Massah Charles,' said one young negro man who looked after the vegetable beds. 'No white doctor ain't gwine to cure him. We see to dat right here on dis plantation. Leave him here and we cure him, sure as you is born, Massah Charles. Give you' own coloured folkses a chance.'

My husband was born in the South and he understands the negroes.

'All right,' he said quietly, looking them over. 'It's a bargain. I'll give you till midnight to-night. If his fever hasn't dropped by then we take him into town to the hospital. Is that fair?'

'Fair enough,' murmured two women in the front row. 'Thank you, Massah Charles. We takes care of our own.' They milled around a little, talked together and finally dispersed.

'Are you insane?' I asked indignantly as we carried the delirious negro back to his bed. 'Do you want to kill him?'

'You don't know them as I do,' said my husband quietly, bathing the feverish old face with a cold cloth. 'You're too smart for this country, my girl. I suppose you would

laugh if I were to tell you that this is black magic. Something the cleverest doctor cannot treat. You wait. They'll cure him themselves.'

But they did not seem to. The day dragged on, so hot that even the birds did not sing and the sun lay like melted butter on the great galleries. There was not a breath of air anywhere and not a sound, either. For once there was no singing in the fields. Azalea and her helpers shuffled back and forth through the house without a word. The plantation almost might have been deserted. And old Lazarus grew worse and worse.

His fever rose higher and he seemed to be wasting away before our very eyes. You could almost see his cheek-bones start out of his face and his eyes sink deeper into his head.

'A good doctor and a hospital is what he needs,' I declared as Azalea and I applied ice-cloths to that fever-ridden body.

'Wait,' said Azalea, just as my husband had done, and because there was nothing else to do we waited while the sun dropped into the forest and the fields outside turned black. There is no twilight in our Southern country. As soon as the sun sets it is dark. 'The Big Dark,' as the negroes call it.

Old Lazarus still lay moaning on his bed when the moon bounded out of the pine-trees as though it had been released from some deep hiding-place and made an orange-coloured path across the lawn. As it soared into the sky the silence of the plantation was broken by a sound that was like the rustling of innumerable leaves or the tramping of many feet. A rhythm seemed to come out of the forest like the rhythm of the wind, only it was louder and more regular.

'It sounds like a drum,' I said to my husband in astonishment and he answered :

'It is a drum. Don't you remember Josepha's son who plays in the night club in town?'

But this was no night club, rather an old drum out of old, old Africa, beating a mysterious message across the dark jungles of the Congo. *Tum, tum, tum, Tum, tum, tum*, it throbbed. One loud beat and two soft ones. Probably the first and oldest rhythm in the world.

We heard them dancing long before we could see those broken bits of darkness leaping against a darkness still more black. And when the moon rose they proved to be our familiar negroes on the plantation capering in wild abandon around the big magnolia tree.

The voice of that great drum filled the air. It was not music. It was raw and primitive sound, like that of the tides or the winds and it had a ferocity that seemed to trouble the sick man on his bed. He moaned and coughed and twitched to that harsh rhythm.

'It's O.K., missy,' said a quiet voice beside me and there was Azalea, wet cloths in her hand. 'We cure him. You see.'

A bright light flashed into the room, brighter than the moon, and the crackling of flames split the night outside. A torch of fire soared into the sky.

'It's the old magnolia,' said my husband. 'I knew it. This has happened before. My father had a trouble tree on this same plantation. They burned it down.'

'Yassuh,' Azalea answered him. 'You understands, Massah Charles, ain't many white folks understands black magic.'

She went on to tell him, in a quiet voice, what he already knew because he had seen it happen before, when he was a little boy.

The big magnolia was a trouble tree. Folkses had to

have something to lay their troubles on. White folks was different. They could stand their troubles themselves. Sometimes it didn't seem like they had no hearts. But coloured people had a long, weary road behind them and a long, weary road ahead. If they could take their sorrows out and lay them away it was so much easier going. So on the plantation it was the magnolia tree. No one knowed how it got to be a trouble tree. Some trees was born like that. But it was a great comfort. Everyone came to it with their troubles. You just had to lay what was worrying you on its branches and your heart got lighter. Maybe it was a lost child or a husband who didn't love you any more. Maybe it was a sickness or a worriment over debt or a loved one dying before your eyes. Everyone had troubles and the tree was carrying them all. Only you had to be careful. If anyone touched a trouble tree he caught all the trouble himself, like old Lazarus there. Then there wahn't nothing to do but conjure the tree, and then burn it down. Folkses had to take back their own troubles now, Azalea sighed heavily. All but old Lazarus. He would get well because his own people had conjured him. Look at him now, Massah and Missey.

'Sure enough,' said Lazarus, sitting up in bed, his teeth flashing in a smile. 'I'se O.K. Everything's O.K. now, Massah Charles. Don' you go worryin' no more.'

Outside on the lawn the big magnolia was burned to ashes and the lawn was empty except for the fantastic splendour of the moon.

The drum was silent and there was no sound at all but the mocking bird singing to himself far down in the shadow of the forest.

Louisiana.

BY THE WAY.

UNLESS—as some think—the international crisis of this summer is but a prelude, we have survived through a time of unparalleled diversity of emotion : concern, anxiety, dread, resolve, relief, thankfulness, misgiving have succeeded one another with rapidity. On the first page of this issue I give one experience which is, I believe, the dominant result : coupled with that sense of the personal watchfulness of God, has gone, human nature being so curiously compounded, an intense exasperation that millions should have been put to such vast expense, inconvenience and apprehension by the reckless determination of a single man. That at least, we may legitimately expect, will never be allowed in this world's chequered history to happen again : as long as that is possible, there is established no secure foundation for enduring peace. And meanwhile let us steadfastly remember the truth of the saying about the strong man armed.

* * *

But is it not a remarkable proof of the adaptability of Man that it is precisely those who so strongly criticize the country for not having gone to war who used every effort to prevent it ever going to war effectively ? One further question—a more comforting one—have ever before in the world's history the peoples (as apart from the Governments) shown the unmistakability of their passionate wish for peace ? Of this at least all dictators hereafter must take strict account.

* * *

English as she is spoke :—As I was passing a scaffolding on which were some workmen I heard one say to his mate, 'Putya polya.' I looked to see whether the speaker were Balkanese or Japanese, but, seeing that he was a true-blue

British workman, I successfully employed a knowledge of our mother tongue acquired over many laborious years of London study and translated the mystic order from the vernacular to its literary counterpart, namely, 'Put your pole there !'

★ ★ ★

Two books are published by Methuen which have this at least in common, that they are, unhappily, the last works of their respective authors, the first the unfinished history of *English Poetry* by John Drinkwater (6s. n.), and the second, the final essays, *Adventures and Misgivings*, of E. V. Lucas (6s. n.). The first is issued with a preface by St. John Ervine, which is the work of a friend and as such generously enthusiastic, and the history, which ends all too soon with an uncompleted sentence on John Donne, is as fresh and attractive as anything Drinkwater ever wrote. The arts of creation and of criticism are essentially different, even though every creator, after creation, must turn his mind to criticism—a task which some have performed well and others ill : whatever hereafter may be the judgment on John Drinkwater as a creative poet there can be no doubt that he was a balanced and learned critic of great merit—and this, his last book, is admirably done. To my mind the two best services it renders are, first, that it insists throughout that 'poetry takes no stock of fashions, has no vocation to be up to date' and secondly, that it gives a clearly reasoned explanation and spirited defence of the virtues of the sonnet, in particular of the Shakespearean sonnet, which is often slighted in an age that prides itself on technical inefficiency. It is sad indeed that Death stayed Drinkwater's pen at Donne. The second book is 'E. V.', unchanged, his natural force unabated, his zest and interest undimmed—a characteristic farewell from one of the best-loved, all-round men of recent times : he never wrote badly and he wrote

about almost everything, 'I have outgrown most of my youthful desires for a future,' he writes in one of these last essays—that at least is untrue; he never outgrew his youth in any respect, and long indeed it will be before his memory is cold.

I should like to be able also to commend the *Last Stories* by the late Miss Mary Butts (Brendin, 5s.), who at her best had both a sensitiveness of imagination and a skill of pen that gave promise of notable work, had she lived longer: but truth compels me to say that there is only one of the thirteen stories contained in this posthumous collection which seems to me deserving of disinterment; that is the exceptionally clever reconstruction of a dramatic episode in the youth of Julius Caesar, which originally appeared in these columns. The other twelve are wholly different both in calibre and setting: they are modern and either lacking in form and weight or rancidly sexual. Mary Butts had already shown that she was capable of much better things.

* * *

The firm of Batsford has a deservedly high reputation for illustrated books whether of art or topography: the latest is *The Spirit of India* by W. J. Grant (10s. 6d. n.), who informs us that he has spent twelve odd years in the East and is understood to have been at one time editor of the *Rangoon Times*. I am under the impression that Rangoon is in Burma, so that the qualification is perhaps not wholly authoritative: however that may be, though doubtless the text provides a great deal of information for the ignorant and a defence, *inter alia*, of child marriages, which Mr. Grant calls 'only an ugly coping for a beautiful wall'—whatever that means, nevertheless this is not a book that will be valued for its letter-press. No one wants to read as a commentary upon the political changes such inapposite generalities as 'politically what we have done in India is to remove a holy mountain in order to sink a drain-pipe'—

but many will greatly enjoy the admirably varied and excellently produced photographs, and of these there are 140 and a coloured frontispiece in addition.

* * *

And now comes a volume which has just the two qualities that are of all others most desirable in a record of experience, namely, interest and humour: to readers of CORNHILL Major C. S. Jarvis needs no commendation and in various articles here published as well as in his admirable *Three Deserts*, he has given abundant evidence of his possession of these two qualities, but he has never displayed them to better advantage than in his new volume, *Desert and Delta* (Murray, 10s. 6d. n.). Here indeed is the ripe experience of a Governor coupled with humour as unfailing as it is penetrating: the book should be not only read and enjoyed but carefully studied and digested by all who have to do with Egypt and the Arabs—it will be read and enjoyed by very many who will say with truth ‘how simple problems of administration would be if always approached in the spirit animating these pages,’ who will say also, ‘how rich England must be in administrators if she can afford to let such a one still in the prime of observation and wit take his passion for making the desert blossom like a rose into retirement in the New Forest.’ A pungent, delightful, and most valuable contribution to the story of British endeavour.

* * *

Studies of unpleasant people are undeniably popular, possibly because the world to-day has so many examples, possibly because they are much more attractive to read about than to meet or possibly because it is easier to make interesting a bad than a good character. However that be, here is another, a first novel and one well worthy of attention—John Randolph Richards’s *The Day will Come* (Longmans, 7s. 6d. n.). Mr. Richards’s novel is a very able, concentrated

study of a man of energy and ambition who is both ruthless and sensual, but it avoids, cleverly, ever being beastly. Randall certainly is hateful and there is undeniably an element of horror in his utterly selfish career; but the story of his life does not call for an inverted kind of commendation. Many a popular detective story has much more horror in it—and without blame attached thereto. Randall lets nothing stand in the way either of his ambition or his pleasures; he indulges in seduction, he does not stop at murder, but the total effect is interest rather than horror and Mr. Richards makes capital use of his knowledge of the booksellers' world. Whether Randall, as carefully drawn throughout nine-tenths of the story, would really have so rashly committed his final crime or, having done so, have given way as described, may be disputed; but there can be no doubt that Mr. Richards has made a notable start with his first venture into fiction.

* * *

Those who are on the lookout for a novel that is different from the general run might do a great deal worse than read *Doctor Dido*, F. L. Lucas's story (Cassell, 7s. 6d. n.). F. L. Lucas himself needs no introduction, but this is, I think, the first time he has tried his hand at a full-length novel. It is a tale set at Cambridge in the days of Napoleon told with all the knowledge of Cambridge life, ways, and surroundings that we should expect from the author, and concerned with picturing the history of an unusual love against not only that background but also the Napoleonic scene. The title, though fully explained before the story closes, is the least happy thing about the book and may handicap its popularity, but it deserves to be read and appreciated: both Dr. Plampin and Sophie will not readily fade from the reader's remembrance.

G.

THE 'CORNHILL' COMPETITION.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 181.

PRIZES of books to the value of £1, from John Murray's catalogue, are offered to the two solvers whose letters are first opened. Answers, containing the coupon from page v, must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1, and must reach him by 30th November.

'Call'd him soft names in many a ———— ,'

1. 'Tis a brave ———— ;
Let it have scope :
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope :'
2. '——— this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid.'
3. 'Who shall ——— that Fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him ?'
4. 'Maidens who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield ——— in May,'
5. 'No, no, the utmost share
Of my ——— shall be
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissèd thee.'

Answer to Acrostic 179, September number : 'The clouds that gather round the setting sun' (Wordsworth : Ode 616). 1. ChiminG (Francis Mahoney : 'The Bells of Shandon'). 2. LeA (Gray's 'Elegy'). 3. OuT (William Blake : 'Hear the Voice'). 4. UnderneatH (Fitzgerald : 'Omar Khayyâm'). 5. DesirE (Matthew Arnold : 'To Marguerite'). 6. ScatteR (Shelley : 'Ode to the West Wind').

The first correct answers opened were sent by E. F. Tempest, 28 Wade's Hill, N.21, and Miss R. Rogers, Dartville, Dittisham, Dartmouth, who are invited to choose books as mentioned above. N.B.—Sources need not be given.

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